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MABEL CRATTY

MABEL CRATTY

Leader in the Art of Leadership

By

MARGARET E. BURTON

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WHEN a friend passes from this visible world to the other from which we cannot hear her voice, one's instinctive desire is to sit down and recall the things she said, the things she did, the kind of person she was. This desire is stronger in proportion as one looked to this friend for counsel and guidance, and depended on her wisdom.

When decisions have to be made in this work that Miss Cratty lived for, it is a comfort to recall her judgment on some similar point—but back of judgments and opinions, back of advice and ideas, one gropes after a better, a deeper and clearer, understanding of the person herself—of the things that made her, of her meaning to us all and to her generation.

She stood at one of the great crossroads of history. Many thinkers say that the change in the status of women in this one generation is fraught with greater possibilities for good or for evil than any other change in the development of civilization. Miss Cratty's distinctive gift was to see into the meaning of things, and into this great change she saw more deeply perhaps than any woman of her day. With no thought of "influence," no sense of mission, and no vestige of self-consciousness, her only thought was so to live that she might share with others the vision she had caught.

Miss Burton has gathered from her notebook, from the memories of friends, from letters, and from the columns of *The Womans Press* and from Miss Cratty's own papers, the material for this book. In the selection and editing of

this material she was aided by the committee of board and staff members under whose direction the book is brought out: Miss Anna Rice, Miss Helen Thoburn, Miss Rhoda McCulloch, Mrs. John French, and Mrs. Robert E. Speer. Especial gratitude is due Miss Thoburn for her help both on the biographical material and the editing of Miss Cratty's papers.

Many of our members and friends did not know Miss Cratty. She was so modest, even so shy, in her quiet, true humility, that she had no consciousness of having in herself much to give. One lived near to God and one did one's duty—this was her rule of life.

A sentence from Francis Paget, later Bishop of Oxford, in his *Hallowing of Work* describes her well. . . . "We cannot analyze the secret of a holy life, and there is no limit to its range. We can only know in part the laws of and forces of the spiritual world, and it may be that every soul that is purified and given up to God and to his work releases energies of which we have no suspicion, energies viewless as the wind. Surely there is no power so irrepressible as the power of personal holiness. . . . Even in this strange, tangled business of human life there is no energy that so steadily does its work as the mysterious, unconscious, silent, unobtrusive, imperturbable influence that comes from a life that has done with self-seeking."

Emma Bailey Speer

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SEER *of visions and doer of deeds to the end that life shall be more complete for women everywhere; poet and philosopher whose every judgment points us to whatsoever things are beautiful; explorer of the hearts of women, discovering them to themselves; teacher of life, whose scholarly guidance has led many in the paths of truth; international stateswoman, whose citizenship is of the world; friend of God.*

If this sketch of Mabel Cratty were being drawn by one of her family, one of her former students, or one of her friends outside the Young Women's Christian Association, its contours might be somewhat different. But it is of her as we knew her in her work in the Young Women's Christian Association that we write, the beloved leader whom we delighted to follow, the philosopher and prophet whose wisdom was an ever-shining light to our feet, the friend whose love never failed. A hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land—these she was to us all the days that we worked and lived beside her.

MABEL CRATTY

MABEL CRATTY

ON the walls of Mabel Cratty's bedroom there hung for many years a picture of three old people seated around a table. Sometimes she took the picture from the wall and held it in her hands, as if she were reading something written on it, for her. Once, looking up from it, she said, "These three people stand to me for everything I admire most, everything I most want to attain in my own life." They were her mother, her mother's youngest sister, Mrs. James Mills, and her mother's brother, James Thoburn, for many years bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. And it was evident that when she looked at that little group of three she always saw behind them the other members of that family of five sons and five daughters, especially her aunt, Isabella Thoburn, the first unmarried woman missionary to be sent from the United States to a foreign country, and her aunt Ellen, of whom she used to say, "Life was very hard on her, but she met it well."

In Mabel Cratty's ancestry the strains of Scotch and Irish mingled, three-fourths Irish, one-fourth Scotch. It is a strong combination. It gave her a sense of responsibility so comprehensive and so constant that one wonders if she could have borne it without the sense of humor which always kept things in proportion and saved her from taking anything with more seriousness than it deserved. It gave

her the steadiness that made her presence a refuge, and it gave her, too, those delicious qualities which made her such a lovable human being. It kept her feet on the ways of earth she had to tread, but it made the unseen and the eternal shining realities, as truly present to her as the things her eyes saw and her hands touched. It made her one of the most practical of people, one who saw things precisely as they were, without illusions, but it made her, too, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams.

One of the most cherished memories of those who work on the national staff of the Young Women's Christian Association, of which she was so long the head, is of the dinner in the autumn of 1927, with which they celebrated their return to a new year of work after the separation of the summer months. It was a gay, even hilarious affair, and no one enjoyed its absurdities more than Miss Cratty. Toward the close of the evening she was asked to talk about her grandmother Thoburn. It was like stepping out from a room full of bright lights and laughter into the quietness of a starry night. She began by reading a poem which she said always made her think of her grandmother:

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,

So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
*Under a ruined mill.**

Then she went on to tell a much delighted-in story of her grandmother's little-girlhood. She must have been a very little girl, for she was taking her afternoon nap when a storm came up, so severe that a terrified elder woke her and told her to get up, for the end of the world had come. "But my little grandmother was not terrified," Miss Cratty said. "She sat up in bed, rubbed the sleep from her eyes and answered, 'Oh, no, it can't be the end of the world, for the Gospel has not yet been preached to every creature.' " There spoke the Scotch ancestry!

It was more probably the Irish strain which was responsible for another story told that same evening. When Jane Crawford, the "little grandmother," had grown to girlhood, she came, one twilight, to a brook which she must cross by stepping-stones. The stones were far apart, and the water high, but as she hesitated she saw on the opposite bank a young man whom she had never seen before, who smiled and beckoned encouragingly to her. Thus heartened she made the crossing in safety. But when she reached the opposite bank there was no one there! A few

* Joseph Campbell.

weeks later a young man came to the village to apply for the post of schoolmaster. He had never been there before, but Jane Crawford recognized him instantly as the one who had seemed to beckon to her from across the stream. His name was Matthew Thoburn, and ere many months had passed he took Jane Crawford to wife.

This grandfather was, to the end of her days, a potent influence in Mabel Cratty's life, although she never saw him. She liked to use his life as an illustration of how one human being can hand on a torch to others. On one such occasion she said of him, "Many years ago my grandfather, in the north of Ireland, through the influence of one of Wesley's missionaries, saw a great light, and stretched out his hand for that torch. I never saw him, yet he has been the strongest human influence in my life all my days. He must have been a plain little Irish gentleman, of no great parts and no great attainments. He died when my mother was twelve years old, and there were two other members of the family even younger than she. But until the last hour of every one of his ten children, all but three of whom have now gone on, that light burned so steadily that it never flickered for an hour. And how was it manifested in them? In the first place, they never saw anything locally. No place seemed far to them, and they thought and felt in terms of the world. And in the second place, they knew no human beings but to love them, and they loved to the uttermost."

When Matthew Thoburn brought his wife to America they drove through Pennsylvania on their way to the

"Western Reserve" where, in Bellaire, Ohio, they were to make their home. Their route led through the town of Meadville, where Meadville College had already been established. The story goes that just beyond the town Matthew Thoburn drew rein, and looking back at the hill-top on which the little cluster of buildings of the young college had been erected, said to his wife, "We will send our sons to that college." And there, some years later, all five of his sons received their college education.

Mabel Cratty's mother, Mary Thoburn, married Charles Campbell Cratty. Their children knew their grandmother Thoburn only through the stories they were told of her, for she died when Mabel was a baby. But their grandmother Cratty was a beloved companion of their childhood. Their memories of her were of a gentle, loving person, who knit their stockings and mittens and helped their mother make their clothes, and who was always ready to listen to tales of childish joys or griefs. She was quite crippled during the years in which they knew her, and they used to think that all grandmothers were lame, and spent their days in sunny bay-windows. Children though they were, they saw how much their grandmother Cratty was loved and respected in the community for her simple goodness, her sympathy, and her generous help to any who were in need.

Mabel, who was born in Bellaire, on June 30, 1868, was the oldest of the Cratty children. The earliest story recorded of her is of her reply to a visitor who addressed her with the friendly remark, "You are a pretty little girl." She was so very young that the visitor expected no reply to

this pleasantry, and was dumbfounded when she replied in matter-of-fact fashion, "No, I'm not pretty, but my mother says I have a sweet mouth."

Those who later lived and worked with Miss Cratty, who saw the heavy strains put upon her patience and serenity, yet never saw her lose her self-control, find it hard to believe the stories she told of her childhood temper. She used to tell of having laid a little neighbor girl low with a well-aimed missile, and of being afraid to go home thereafter, because the little girl's mother was visiting her mother, and might, if her daughter were dead, as Mabel thought quite probable, wreak vengeance on the one responsible. She confessed that she recalled no sensations of remorse, only fear of possible penalties! It was her father who helped her, when she was still very small, to achieve the self-control which became so habitual that even those who knew her best cannot remember ever to have seen her angry. She always remembered the talk she and her father had one day, when he told her that he and she had both been born with quick tempers, and would always have them to contend with unless they learned to master them. He asked her to help him, and promised to help her.

Her father, too, instilled in her, very early, the standards of honesty which made it impossible for her ever to slip into the little shadings of truth or coloring of facts which even many honorable people have to guard against. She used to tell of one occasion when she brought a stamp which had been used, but which showed no cancellation

mark, to her father that he might use it over again. She said she thought her father was really frightened at this completely innocent effort to practise thrift, and although the gentlest and most loving of parents, he was so stern in his denunciation of dishonesty that she never forgot the incident. Sometimes when she spoke of how rigidly the Cratty children had been trained to honesty, she would add that she wished that their parents had realized with equal clearness how important it was that children should be taught to conquer fear.

Another of her memories of her father is of the grief he caused her by forbidding her to read the Elsie Dinsmore books, over which she had been weeping rapturously. She admitted, however, with much amusement, that the favorite book of her childhood had been a ponderous tome entitled, *Our Famous Women of the Methodist Church.* It is pleasant to know that she was sufficiently unregenerate to take novels, considered too old for her, to school and read them under the cover of her desk. None of them, however, really rivaled *Our Famous Women of the Methodist Church* in her affections.

The Methodist Church played a large part in Miss Cratty's memories of her childhood. A certain kind of cake always awakened reminiscences of the children's enjoyment of church conferences, when their house would be full of guests and this cake was an invariable part of the generous hospitality offered. She could tell innumerable stories of the dignitaries of the church who regularly made the Cratty home their headquarters when in the neighbor-

hood; stories of individual idiosyncrasies and peccadillos, which made those gentlemen seem far more human than they have sometimes been made to appear.

Probably every normal growing young person is a hero-worshiper. Mabel Cratty centered her hero-worship upon her aunt Isabella. She never went to India, never saw Lucknow, or *Lal Bagh,* as the Isabella Thoburn College used to be called, but she often said that they were as real to her when she was growing up as were her own town and home. "I even knew where every piece of furniture was set, where every picture in Lal Bagh was hung," she would say. Her aunt Isabella's visits to America were probably the most thrilling events of her childhood and girlhood. The other children in the family stood too much in awe of their famous aunt to enjoy her thoroughly, and finding her a stricter disciplinarian than their mother, did not derive unmitigated pleasure from her visits. But to her oldest niece she represented all that was most admirable and lovable and the bond between them was deep and strong. The compassionate understanding of others' weaknesses and limitations which came to characterize Mabel Cratty, her depth of loving-kindness, and her sense of humor, always kept her from seeming severe or awe-inspiring. Yet she had a certain stern sense of the mere decency of living up to standards that to some seemed extraordinarily high, which was doubtless in large measure a heritage from her aunt Isabella. Who of those who later worked with her has not heard her say, "So and So would not stoop to that," or, "It is beneath her to have such a

thought." Probably her aunt Isabella had much to do with those discouraging and splendid standards.

Her mother had intended her to be named Mary Isabella, but the contraction of the two beautiful names into Mabel was made for childhood use, and Mabel it remained through life. She never liked the name, but it had this to commend it, that it blended the names of the two women who had the greatest influence in shaping her young life. They were very different in temperament, her mother and her aunt Isabella, but each admired and loved the other devotedly. Mabel was heir to the strength and lovelinesses of them both. She had her aunt Isabella's belief in the value of discipline, her unquestioning assumption that if one set one's hand to a task one made any sacrifice, foreseen or unforeseen, that might be involved, together with all the graces of quiet courage, tolerance, gentleness and humor which made her mother the gallant and gracious person she was.

The other children in the family were Ellen, who came next to Mabel, and who died in childhood, Anna, Carl and Donald. Another member of the family group was Lyle Thoburn, a nephew, who came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Cratty immediately after their marriage, as his own parents had both died. Miss Cratty always referred to him as "my brother Lyle." One story of him she especially liked to tell. When he was a student working his way through Boston Theological Seminary she noticed, when visiting him, that on his way home at night in a crowded street-car, he sometimes gave up his seat to a woman,

sometimes did not. One day she asked him about it. He looked embarrassed, but explained. He was so very tired at the end of the day, he said, that he had decided that he would give up his seat only to elderly women, women with babies, or colored women.

It may well be that "Aunt Liddy" had much to do with Lyle Thoburn's attitude toward colored people, and Mabel Cratty's depth of interest in all that made for interracial understanding and good-will. Aunt Liddy was a Negro woman, who had run away from an unusually cruel master and made her way into Ohio by the underground railway. She brought a letter from Mrs. Cratty's brother, and came straight to Bellaire, where she spent the remainder of her life. She was in the Cratty household when all the children were born, and was greatly beloved by them. "She was a saint if there ever was one," Miss Cratty's sister says. "When mother was sitting beside her one day when she was ill, she said, 'Miss Mary, I've always hated my black face, but I hope I have a white soul.' When she died the little church would not hold all those, black and white, who wished to do her honor. As we children sat on the steps, looking in, the old Negro minister came forward, clasped his hands over the Bible on the pulpit, and sang 'The Home of the Soul.' I was thrilled by the dramatic quality of the scene, but I saw that Mabel was deeply moved. We stood while the men, some black and others white, carried Aunt Liddy past us, and went on up the hill, and Mabel looked after them and said, 'Aunt Liddy has a white soul.' "

When Mabel was seventeen her father died. She alone of the children was old enough really to understand what her mother was experiencing. Much of her own sure faith in the powerlessness of death to separate must have been born on that bleak night of snow and intense cold on which her father died. "My mother went out on the porch alone for half an hour. After that, she never had any sense of separation from him."

At her father's death Mabel bowed her shoulders to share with her mother every burden that she could. She accepted responsibilities from which there was to be no time off. Her mother had a special "love-name" for each of her children. One was her "comfort," another the "apple of her eye," another the "core of her heart." Mabel was her "tower of strength."

After her graduation from the Bellaire high school in 1884, Mabel entered Lake Erie College, at Painesville, Ohio. She was there for the greater part of a year, but in the spring term the school was closed because of a diphtheria epidemic, and as she was not very well she did not return when it reopened. Her chief memory of her stay there seems to have been of how timid and homesick she was. A happier memory was of the chapel service, especially the lovely custom of marching out of chapel singing the closing hymn all the way back to the classroom.

The family moved to Delaware, Ohio, soon after the father died, in order that the children might, when ready for college, attend Ohio Wesleyan University. Miss Cratty always had a great feeling for towns, and for the

women who live in towns. Bellaire is not a beautiful town. Industries have made it dingy, and it lacks the loveliness of tall trees and wide lawns. It is one of the towns of which she used to say, "All the beauty is in the hearts of its people." That beauty she never failed to see. But Delaware was, perhaps, the place she loved best in the world. Once she wrote to one of her friends who was visiting there, "I envy you because you are to be in Delaware, every tree, brick and stone of which I love."

She was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1890, having won Phi Beta Kappa and other college honors, which gave evidence of her high rank both in her classes and in the regard of her fellow students. Thirty-two years later, Ohio Wesleyan conferred upon her the degree of Doctor of Laws. She wanted, upon her graduation, more perhaps than anyone realized, to follow the other Thoburns to India. She discussed the matter with two or three older people, whose interest in India was as deep as hers, and found that their judgment confirmed her own—that her responsibilities at home made it impossible for her to go. It was a real sacrifice, but the members of her family had always seen the world whole, and in a day when foreign missionary service was apt to be thought of as being on quite a separate plane of opportunity and privilege, she made no such distinction. She never seemed really to understand why people thought it made any difference where a person was working, or even what she was doing, as long as she was giving her best.

From the time of her graduation until she entered the

work of the Young Women's Christian Association fourteen years later, she was a teacher. Her first position was in a boarding school for girls, Wheeling Seminary, in Wheeling, West Virginia, just across the river from Bellaire. The school closed a few months later, and she accepted a position in the high school of Kent, Ohio, where she taught for two years. In 1892 she returned to Delaware where, after a short period of teaching in the grade school, she became teacher of Latin in the high school. About three years later she was made the principal.

Teaching was not a thing she would have chosen in itself. The necessity of discipline always marred it for her. But there was at that time no such range of choice for a woman as there is now, and she was well equipped to teach. And because it was not in her to give less than her best to any task she undertook, she was an exceptionally good teacher. "She worked wonders in making Caesar interesting," one of her students says. Her characteristic smile would soften the hard syntax we were trying to dig through. She insisted on thoroughness, and let no 'Caesar knew what this meant, but I don't,' get by."

An incident she once happened to relate is very revealing. She found that she was always conscious of the eyes of a certain little girl in her school room, and when she asked herself why this should be, she realized that it was because the child's eyes were seldom fastened upon a book, but were wandering about the room. So she went and talked with Sarah, and asked why it was that she spent so much time looking around, and so little in studying her

lessons. "Oh, don't you know about me?" was the cheerful response. "I always take two years to a grade." Investigation proved this to be true. She had taken two years to a grade for some time, and every teacher had unquestioningly accepted this as a necessity. Not so Mabel Cratty. She went straight to work to prove to Sarah that if she would really study she could make the grade in one year as well as anyone else. "I thought up all kinds of devices to spur her on," she said, "such, for example, as sending home a note to her mother when she had done something especially well. And little by little I discovered that she had the brightest mind of any child in the class. She went through all the rest of her course with flying colors."

Two of Mabel Cratty's college friends, who had been a year or two ahead of her in Ohio Wesleyan, Effie Price and Helen Barnes, had, soon after their graduation, become secretaries of the American Committee affiliated with the World's Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Price was made general secretary of the American Committee in 1892, and Miss Barnes was the state secretary of Ohio. Both of these women coveted Miss Cratty's mind and spirit for their organization, and her interest in Association work led her, in 1902, to use her summer vacation to attend the Association training institute held, under the leadership of Elizabeth Wilson, at Milwaukee. Miss Cratty did not take any position in the Association at once, but returned to her post as principal of the high school at Delaware. She did, however, serve as a member of the state committee of Ohio. Much of her deep interest in

"the fine profession of being a laywoman" probably had its roots in those years of her first connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, when she was one of its lay workers.

In 1904 Miss Cratty was called to the national staff of the American Committee as associate general secretary. By that time she felt free to consider Association work, provided she could, in fairness, ask release from her position in the high school. The American Committee had said that they would not know where to turn if she should find it impossible to accept their call. The high school board admitted that, greatly as they would regret losing her, it was a comparatively simple thing to replace a high school principal. This decided her, and she went to Chicago in the summer of 1904. Always afterward she used the watch which her students gave her when she left the high school. Like other watches of that period it was rather large and heavy, and for most of the years she owned it she could not wear it, but carried it about in her handbag. But no modern and convenient wrist watch ever superseded it.

Miss Cratty was associate general secretary of the American Committee until in December, 1906, the two national organizations of Young Women's Christian Associations in the United States, the American Committee and the International Board of the Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations, voluntarily dissolved and there was formed the present national Young Women's Christian Association movement. The new National

Board asked her to be the executive of the Home Department, and within a few months made her general secretary, the position which she held until her death on February 27, 1928.

ONE of Miss Cratty's kinsfolk has said that the two initial loyalties of her life, on which all others were built, were her loyalty to her family and to the church. These were so woven together that it is difficult to separate them. One day, when she was speaking of a friend who had recently changed her church affiliation, she said: "It is hard for me to understand how one can do that. My church and my family are so bound up together that it would be almost as unnatural for me to think of changing my church as of changing my family." Both loyalties were rooted in a deep sense of responsibility. This was the fundamental reason why it would have been impossible for her to change her church membership, although she had no criticism for those who did so. On one occasion when someone expressed surprise that a fearless church leader, who was under attack from the members of his denomination, did not seek a more like-minded fellowship, she said, with something of bewilderment: "But if he and others like him left that denomination, how could it ever be made better? They can help only from the inside."

Those who knew her best can remember scarcely any instance when she spoke of what she wanted to receive from family, church or friends. Yet no one ever took

more joy in what others gave her. She possessed in fullest measure the rather rare grace of receiving as generously as she gave. But her interest was so fixed on her responsibility to all of whom she was a part that she had no leisure for thought of herself. "We love most those to whom we give most," she often said. Her love for and joy in her family and church owed their depth and richness to her life-long giving.

There are some whose original loyalties are so absorbing that they erect a wall of separation. Their love for family is so intense that those not of the family circle realize that they can enter into the vestibule, but will never be admitted to the inner rooms. Love for the particular church to which they belong results in denominationalism that divides. Love of their own country may lead to narrow nationalism, rather than to internationalism. Their love excludes. The opposite was the case with Miss Cratty. She made her initial loyalties foundations upon which to build others more spacious. She used her love for her family as a measure of her love for other people. When small boys in her classes were mischievous and troublesome, she said that she attempted to see them as if they were her little brothers, "my love for whom, as far as I knew, was perfect." Later, when she was working with older people, some of whom were difficult, she formed the habit of trying to see them as their mothers must see them, for then, she said, she would see them as they really were. One of her most beautiful tributes to Miss Dodge, first president of the National Board, was a perfect description

of her own unvarying attitude toward her friends and fellow workers: "She loved us after the fashion of our mothers, who see in us not what we are, but what we may become." She often quoted one of E. F. Benson's peerless tributes to his mother. It might have been said of Mabel Cratty herself by many and many a friend and fellow worker: "She never ceased from her own enlargements: in her house were many mansions. There were mansions for everybody, and none of the tenants usurped the place of another. All of us, without exception, felt that we were especially hers and were in a unique relation to her. We were all quite right about it and so were a myriad friends of hers. There was 'the best room' for each of them. How she did it, how she conveyed that adorable truth, I know now, because I know that love is of infinite dimensions, and has the same perfect room for all. She cared supremely and gave her whole heart to each of us."

Miss Cratty's love was indeed "of infinite dimensions." Again and again she used to say, "Love must be inclusive, never exclusive," and the words glowed with meaning because there were in her house of life so many mansions, and ever more and more of them. Her lovely tribute to her friend and colleague, Clarissa Spencer, perfectly describes her own way of loving. "She began with the one who was next to her. She took all as she found them. Her love was like God's in this; she did not skip anyone. The perfectly unselfish outgoing of self to other people, whether they were attractive or unattractive, interesting or

uninteresting, carried her across national barriers, racial antipathies, and class and caste prejudices."

Miss Cratty loved not a chosen few, but all whom life had given her. She was of those of whom she once said, "To be loving is, as it were, the vocation of some people."

As her love for her family set the measure of her love for friends and fellow workers, so her love for the church in which she was brought up reached out to the church universal. She often spoke of how she watched for the church spires as she traveled over long stretches of country. They were to her, "witnesses of the presence of God's people," who were, therefore, her people, with whom she would find herself at home.

One of her family says that when she thinks of Miss Cratty's attitude toward the church she always remembers a certain sentence in *Lewis Rand,* which pictures a man looking across the fields toward a distant church and "regarding it with love." Miss Cratty looked at the church as she looked at people. She regarded it with love. And of love she often said, "Love is *not* blind; it is only love that sees clearly." She did not think the church had attained perfection, but she believed in it and loved it and felt a deep sense of obligation toward it. She once wrote to a friend: "You bring me a sense of fellowship in our common attitude to the church without which I could be very lonely. You are neither too critical of it, nor too dull to its situation to recognize the difficulties." To another friend she said one day, "The groups of radicals and conservatives must reach each other across the great rank and

file of the average, middle-of-the-road people, and so many of them are in the church. We must never forget that after all of us are gone, the church will be here." Not long after she entered the Young Women's Christian Association she said to an aunt that when she had finished her work in it she wanted to give the rest of her life to the church.

Just as her two initial loyalties carried her out into wider and wider realms, so did a third affection. Her love for the town in which she grew up led her to care about all towns. Her pride in her native state of Ohio early expanded into pride in the country of which it was a part. She always wanted visitors from other lands to travel across the United States, that they might see it as it really is, not judging it by its great cities only, or by any one section of it. She loved its youth, and often spoke of it as "our beloved young nation." When she read the story of a friend's great-great-great-grandmother, who had been taken captive by Indians, she said that she wished many people in other countries might read it, that they might realize the extreme youth of the United States. After reading the biography of another friend's father, she said it was a book she would like to send to friends in other nations, because it gave so vivid a picture of the kind of simple life which had produced the finest type of American. There were two attitudes with which she found it hard to be patient. She came back from Europe one summer saying that she did not know whether she was more ashamed of the Americans who were continually expatiat-

ing upon how much better things were done in America, or of those whose appreciation of Europe expressed itself by depreciating everything in their own country. She was too clear-eyed to idealize, and she did not idealize her own country or her own people. But she saw them with the insight of love. She appreciated and believed in them, and treasured every evidence of understanding on the part of others. In her notebook was the following quotation:

"And that simple courageous confidence is, I believe, one of the great sources of the strength of the Americans. When we don't love them, we think it blatant and overweaning aggressiveness. When we do, we see, even in those whose outward expression of it is annoying, that it is the outcome of a great faith in human nature and human society which helps to rescue the world as it grows older from the easy-going indolence that too often appertains to the middle age of nations as of individuals."

She wrote to a friend in Europe in 1919: "Miss S—— wrote me a lovely personal letter while you were in France about the bewilderment caused by the Association's sending so many people abroad for special visitation, and the possible attitude that people not understanding might take of such visitation. What ubiquitous people we Americans are, aren't we; yet we are so humble that I would think we ought to succeed better than we do in being lost in the crowd. If only the leading people in our own work in other countries could realize how wistful American people are to learn the lessons we think they have learned, how far we feel we have fallen behind the others in the sacrifice

required, they would see better what it is we come forth to seek."

Miss Cratty was an internationalist, not in theory but in every thought and action. She had friends in almost every country of the globe. Many of these countries she had visited often. The hatred engendered by the war was an agony to her. She used to say many times during the years of the war and afterward, "We must love more and more people, and love them more and more deeply, for there is so much hatred in the world today, and hate is so terribly destructive." She herself found it impossible to hate, and difficult to understand how others could do so. She did not censure others, but explained her own attitude with the words, "I can never feel hatred for any nation in which I have a single friend."

Her internationalism was never in opposition to her love for her own country, but was rather an extension of it. After her last visit to Europe, in 1926, she wrote: "I am so glad to be at home again. I am surely a daughter of my native land. The thrill of seeing her soil, even after a few weeks of absence, never grows stale. Nationalism is a strange emotion. I begin to think we don't have enough of it to know what we are talking about when we talk of being *inter*national. If it be a merely intellectual concept, will it ever be realized?"

Her love for her own country made her deeply concerned that it take its full place of fellowship and service in the family of nations. A letter from one of her colleagues recalls a characteristic utterance: "Last fall when

there was much discussion in the papers about the United States' taking 'its proper place of leadership in the world,' I happened one day to go into a committee room early and found Miss Cratty there. There had been something in the paper that morning which had particularly disturbed me and I told her I was always troubled when Americans expressed themselves in a way to suggest that our country ought always to lead other countries, that to me it savored of presumption, and was dangerous. Miss Cratty looked at me in that half-quizzical way of hers and quietly said, 'Doesn't it all depend on what is your conception of leadership—is it a privilege or an obligation?' In a moment the thing was cleared for me. I could see that the United States would have to assume a position of leadership when and where certain advantages of experience, background, traditions, etc. pointed the way."

. . . . .

MABEL CRATTY gave twenty-four years to the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, the first two on the staff of the American Committee, twenty-two as general secretary of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations, which was organized in 1906.

During the first eight years of her work with the National Board its president was Miss Grace Hoadley Dodge, whose influence, more than that of any other single person, had brought about the union of the two organizations which had been carrying on Young Women's Christian

Association work—the American Committee, and the International Board of the Women's and Young Women's Christian Associations. Perhaps no single person, even the mother to whom her relationship was very close and deep, was a stronger influence in Miss Cratty's life. Upon the two of them, the president of the National Board and its general secretary, rested, more than upon any others, the task of building a strong and enduring foundation for a great national work for young women. Together they dreamed dreams and saw visions. Together they counted the cost of bringing those dreams to reality. And together they paid their share of the price, through months and years of patient painstaking building. They were so different in many respects—inheritance, upbringing, habits of life, and natural temperament—that one wonders whether they had to learn to understand one another, and whether, perhaps, it took time to learn to work together. However that may be, no one who knew Miss Cratty at all could fail to realize that the beautiful friendship which grew out of their years of work together was one of the most vital factors in her life to its last day. She lived and worked in the sense of continuing companionship with the woman to whom she had given abiding reverence and love.

No figures can give any real measure of the progress of the work of the National Board since the days when Miss Dodge and Miss Cratty first set their hands to it. Yet the following statistics suggest something of the way in which it has grown, and the increase of the responsibilities which

were borne by its general secretary. In 1906 there were 291 Associations; in 1928, 1,002. In 1906 there were 143,000 members; in 1928, approximately 600,000. In 1906 the staff of the National Board numbered 14; in 1928, 189. In 1906 the staff of secretaries supported by the National Board in foreign countries was 13; in 1928, 101. In 1906 the budget of the National Board was $136,188; in 1928 it had a budget of $2,244,390.

Miss Cratty, however, had comparatively little interest in mere enlargement. There was gentle scorn in her indictment of some current measures of progress. "Some persons are inclined to believe that progress is more of what already is," she would say, "and there are others to whom progress always means change. But progress is not always in terms of quantity only, though there are times when that is the line along which it moves; just as it is by no means always in terms of changed conceptions and plans, though there are times when very abrupt and sudden changes are the lines along which it moves." And she would add, "We need to remember how delicately difficult a task it is to estimate results when it is human material for which and with which we are working, and that the final test of our success is not in the material well-being so much as in the spiritual well-being of those same human beings."

In one of her last talks to the students in the National School of the Young Women's Christian Associations she gave one of her own best measures of growth. Progress in the Association, she said, was to be judged by the degree

to which it was achieving "the working together of ever-enlarging and more inclusive groups of women for ever-receding goals."

Judged by this standard the organization made notable progress during the years of her leadership. When the National Board was organized in 1906, the work of the Young Women's Christian Association was neither very large numerically nor very inclusive in the different types and groups of women who made up its membership. It had no organized work for younger girls. It had the beginnings of concern about industrial women, which was evidenced chiefly by holding noon meetings in factories, but it had no self-expressing industrial movement. It had, as yet, no work for foreign-born women. It had not yet begun really to recognize the fact that it was an interracial movement, nor to face the problems involved in that fact. In 1906 it was an organization which was just becoming aware of the barriers which needed to be broken down between the women of different groups and classes. In 1929 it is, in very truth, an interage, intergroup, international, interracial fellowship, in which "ever-enlarging and more inclusive groups of women are working together for ever-receding goals."

"Ever-receding goals!" Perhaps the most significant growth of the Young Women's Christian Association during the years of Miss Cratty's leadership has been in vision, and the courage to be obedient to vision. If such words as those of the following editorial comment of *The Christian Century* in 1925 are merited, it is due, more than

to any other single factor, to her who was for twenty-two years the general secretary of the National Board.

"The Young Women's Christian Association counts more than half a million members in the United States. Its importance does not, however, lie in its membership. Its budgets, local and national, mount to more than $25,000,000 yearly. Its power, however, cannot be measured in terms of dollars. It has a paid staff of more than three thousand. Other bodies with less influence have far more. It is hard to separate out from the life of the Y. W. C. A. any features and say that to these the organization owes its undoubted importance. The truth is that the Y. W. C. A. comes as close to having, at this moment, a prophetic position and quality as any institution ever comes, and it is to this intangible possession that the Association must give credit for the unique place it now occupies. . . . In the past the Christian cause has often found in the Y. W. C. A. a freshness of approach and willingness to try new methods that has been of inestimable value in breaking the way into new fields of human service. If there has been some element of the prophetic, there has been even more of the pioneer in this body of women. . . . The pioneer was never more needed."

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association is so completely the product of united thinking and effort that it is even more impossible than it would be in many organizations to separate the contribution of any one person from that of other members of the group. Yet there can be no question that the following tribute paid Miss

Cratty by one who had watched her influence for a score of years was not exaggerated. "The quality of life of Miss Cratty, the leader of the movement, is the greatest single explanation of the extraordinary growth in influence and social usefulness of this great organization. Her spirit and statesmanship have united girls and women of widely differing ages and interests in common loyalty to a purpose which commits them to be a social force for the extension of the Kingdom of God."

MISS CRATTY'S conception of the functions of a person in her position was sometimes bewildering to those whose ideas of leadership were based on the concepts implied in such words as "general," "manager," "director." "A leader," she would say, "is not one who goes out ahead of a group, but one who is in the midst of it."

Of her relation to the members of the National Board with whom she worked most closely its present president, Mrs. Robert E. Speer, says: "In her dealing with the Executive Committee of the National Board, her staff of volunteers, she was the educator at her best, one of those who by instinct use the right method, the method that achieves lasting, saturating results. She had not made a special study of modern pedagogy, though her wide reading and contacts brought the whole field of education clearly within her view, but she drew out, she e-duc-ated the best in each one's thinking, liberating ideas and powers of which the person had not herself been conscious. She

knew the value of group thinking and its power to produce results that have the same relation to unrelated individual contributions that a good brick wall has to a loose pile of bricks, and she excelled in creating the atmosphere in which it was possible for each member of a group to contribute her share to the whole. She once said that it was her function in a committee meeting to speak only of those things that no one else was likely to think of. She waited until each person had given what was in her own mind, then she would add the drop of formic acid that turned the flavorless honey of the flower into the true honey of the bee.

"It was her habit to bring to the Executive Committee, when urgent routine things were disposed of, some significant fact, developing it month by month, or even year by year, as a composer develops a theme in a symphony, until the meaning of it had penetrated through and through and had become so truly a part of each individual's thinking that she could hardly remember when the idea was first given to her. Here, as with her professional staff, she feared uniformity and mere acquiescence above all things, and helped the widely divergent types of women to understand and respect one another in spite of differences, and to see the value of opposite points of view.

"One of the facts that she brought in this way to the volunteer workers was the meaning of the World's Committee, in the value of which she strongly believed, not as a piece of super-organization, but as the heart of a great Christian woman's movement throughout the world, a

movement that was taking one of the most significant facts of this generation, the change in the status of women, and was directing it into a creative force, an integral part of the Kingdom of God. When she came back from a trip abroad during the war she spoke of this particularly. She had seen the horror and agony of war, but she saw it especially in the faces of girls, girls torn loose from their moorings, girls doing hard unaccustomed tasks, girls who would never marry, girls for whom life could never again run on smooth roads, girls with a social and economic freedom for which they had had no training. She saw that the suffering, the bewilderment, and the new freedom of these girls could result in an enormous release of energy for good, or in one of the greatest disasters in the social history of the race. It was for this reason that when in 1917 the Young Women's Christian Association was asked to be one of the seven organizations (the only one conducted by women) united in the War Camps Activities, under government recognition, she used to say again and again, 'It does not matter whether we get the credit for doing a thing. The only thing that matters is to have the right thing done.'

"When she began to tell the National Board of the danger that lay in the increasing numbers of Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the country that were doing work for women and girls, it was without the least concern for the loss of organizational aggrandizement or 'credit.' It was rather that she saw a danger in work for girls directed by men, a danger that the girls would not

stand on their own feet, that they would neither develop to their fullest stature nor give their best to society. She was conscious, with the wisdom of a watcher of the skies, of the meaning to the home of the economic changes of the last century. She used to point out that until quite recently a woman by her own energy and ability could create in her home, by her needle, her churn and her stove, economic values equal to those produced by the husband or wage-earner, values that now come into the house through the water-pipe, the gas-pipe, the electric wire, the tin can and the ready-made dress, and that have to be paid for in dollars. She saw the break in the continuity of human experience that came with the exodus of young women to the factory and the shop, and saw that the realities of character and the spiritual values that alone can hold human beings together must be offered to women outside the home. In the Young Women's Christian Association she saw an instrument forged to meet this need, and because it was a Christian organization, founded on faith in Christ, she saw in it the power and the strength that women need. 'They cannot have the fruits without the roots,' she would say, when organizations with no religious basis would sometimes ask how certain of our results were achieved, for she saw that as women entered more and more of the world's occupations we would be false to our trust if we did not occupy the field both extensively and intensively.

"She saw us as trustees, sharing the experience of many women of many kinds over half a century, experts in girl psychology and in women's problems. She did not believe

it was our function to focus on this wrong or that, or to attack certain abuses like a battering-ram. She saw us as a leaven, hid in many measures of meal, making the daily loaf of life more palatable, more wholesome, for men and women everywhere. No part of any woman's life was alien or indifferent to her, but she always saw things in proportions, steadily, and whole, and trusted to education rather than agitation to accomplish lasting ends, and to raise the levels of social progress."

What Miss Cratty aspired and strove to be in relation to the staff of secretaries with whom she worked is probably best expressed by a word she often used, "resource." She declined to "direct" them. The leader, as she conceived of leadership, was not one who bore a flying banner, but one who steadily, day in and day out, bent willing shoulders to a load of responsibility greater than others were asked to carry. To a young executive who one day asked her to tell her the main requirements for administrative work Miss Cratty instantly replied, "First of all the courage to suffer for others' mistakes, the willingness to take the blame for things that are not your fault." The other qualifications which she mentioned were like the first. It was no super-woman whom she pictured. Ability to work with other people was essential, she said. And that postulated faith in others. Good temper was important, and the ability to keep in touch with details without getting lost in them. She added that good administrators never had any great idea of their own powers, or indeed any re-

alization of them. Those who went far had very little thought of themselves and were not given to introspection.

"Deliver us from being pompous!" she once ejaculated, when talking with a group about leadership. The "pomp and glory" of position were supremely distasteful to her. The fact that she had a larger office than her fellow workers never ceased to irk her. In times of pressure, when the building was overcrowded and wails arose from those who had to double up in offices intended for single occupancy, or from others who had to move to "the annex," she could hardly be restrained from giving up her office, and moving into a corner of the annex herself. "Nothing needs less care than your position," she told the students in the National School year after year, and certainly nothing interested her less than her own. Her office had two doors, one opening into a corner of the hall, opposite a side staircase, the other into the office where her secretary sat. The door into the hall was marked, "Private." She did not like that sign but since it was in a corner, and one noticed it only from the stairs, she suffered it. But she made up for the inhospitality of that door by keeping the other one always open, except on rare occasions when a meeting or conversation was of a kind which must not be interrupted. "The fact that one or both of her office doors was always open was a factor larger than she probably estimated," says a long-time member of her staff.

Many tend to think that a position of high leadership exempts the holder from mundane tasks. The great leader must be saved for the great thing. Mabel Cratty on the

contrary held drudgery to be an essential element of the work to which she had put her hand. Talking one day to a group of her staff, most of whom were specialists, prophets and "evangelists" in some particular field, she said, with a touch of unconscious wistfulness, that it was her part to spend much time in thinking of structure and organization, and the support and maintenance of the work, "in order that the rest of you may have wings." Sometimes she confessed to those whom she knew best that she feared she had so long given herself to the unwinged ways of her daily task that certain abilities had forever atrophied. Yet she never begrudged their loss. The rewards had been worth all that they cost. Often and often she said she would not exchange her part for that of any specialist.

She made, unquestioningly and uncomplainingly, whatever sacrifices her work might ask of her, and they were many. One of the greatest was the necessity of carrying so many and such difficult tasks that she could not do any of them with the thoroughness which was an instinctive demand of her nature. Her beautiful sensitive hands were the hands of an artist, and she had all an artist's yearning to do things with finish. Her own constant experience was reflected in what she said, again and again, to groups of secretaries and to students in the National School. A part of the price they must be willing to pay, she told them, was to accept the fact that the multiple demands of their work would make it necessary to do many of their tasks on a level far below their standards. One member of the Na-

tional Board remembers vividly how she looked up from her desk, where she was working on her report to the 1928 convention, with the wistful words, "If one could only do things with a little artistry!"

Yet, again, she never deemed the price too great. "For myself, with all too keen a sense of how difficult it is and how far from artistry my clumsy touch is, I like my part in the whole," she told the students of the National School at their closing session in 1923. That liking grew greater, never less. "How I love to work in, and for, the Association," she wrote from a summer conference in 1926. And only a week or so before her final illness she exclaimed, "I never loved my job more than I do right now!"

Once a year, for many of the first years of her Association leadership, Miss Cratty used to read to the staff a magazine story, entitled "James Galbraith, Ablebodied Seaman." It was a tale of a member of a crew who had left a sinking ship with the passengers. It ended with the comment Galbraith overheard: "What was the matter with that mate? He must have thought he was a passenger," and the sentence, "Galbraith passed on, bowed with the weight of a punishment we could not understand." She never commented on the story, but it left its mark—"he must have thought he was a passenger"—on those who heard it year after year.

Once when a code for girls in their teens was being prepared, she suggested that it include the declaration, "I will finish my work," for she felt that American girls greatly needed a sense of obligation to complete the things they

had begun. Again and again in talking to Association secretaries she made this emphasis, "If I had to choose between a person of brilliant mind, striking personality and vivid enthusiasm, and one who steadily, unflinchingly, unfalteringly stands by, I would always choose the latter."

She must have been often bewildered by the temptations that assailed some to seek release from something which seemed to her to be "just honorable." Yet she never imposed her own judgment. It was a definite principle with her neither to hold a person to a task from which she desired to be freed, nor to urge her to undertake one against her will, no matter how strongly she might feel that the one was a desertion of a post, and the other a shirking of a duty. She would state the pros and cons as they looked to her, if asked to do so, but that was all. "The thing I refuse to do," she would say, "is to make such a decision for anyone." Sometimes, when appealed to, she would go so far as to say, "I will not urge you to do this if it is against all your inclinations, but I should be glad if you felt like trying it." She was more likely, however, to stop when she had helped a person to see all the elements in the situation, saying nothing at all of her own convictions. And the decision once made, whether or not she agreed with it, she shared any censure or misunderstanding that might result, and carried more than her part of any burden that might be added. Nor did she ever say, "If only you had done thus . . ."

For herself, however, there was "no time off." In her notebook was this stern paragraph: "Having once taken

responsibility upon us, there is but one thing to do—meet it, meet it! If it takes the skin from your back, and the flesh from your bones, meet it! Then, although you may die without fame, or even unbeloved, although that could rarely be, you will have done the utmost that it is possible for anyone to do; you will have kept your birthright, and never pawned the jewels of your soul."

Yet she never asked or expected the impossible. She had the grace of rare common sense, and she, and we, were blessed by it. Very characteristic is her pungent note to a member of her staff, disheartened by her failure to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." "I don't know just what is meant by a workman that *needeth* not to be ashamed, but deliver me from one who never *is* ashamed! Insufferable!"

One of the books which influenced her deeply was Josiah Royce's *Loyalty*. Loyalty was, to her, a basic quality, which one ought to be able to take for granted as much as honesty. "Loyalty is essential, not only to a cause, but to persons, the members of our committee and our colleagues," she would say. What she preached she practised so consistently that those who worked with her had a confident assurance of safety which it is impossible to put into words. One of the most vivid memories of a member of her staff is of one of the first staff meetings she attended after coming to the national work. She had not met Miss Cratty often, and did not know what manner of woman she was. At that first meeting she heard her say, "If you do not feel assurance that I will protect you, your

reputation, your cause, your plans, your future, as I would my own, and even more—unless your heart can safely trust in me—I am failing." All the years that followed gave ever-deepening confirmation of the knowledge born at that moment—that this woman would feel as constant a sense of responsibility toward each member of her staff as the finest type of parent feels toward a child. Her fellow workers knew that their success or failure would matter immeasurably to her. No joy or grief, achievement or disappointment, of any one of them could be a matter of indifference to her. Their burdens would always be a part of her load. She would care supremely about what they *were*. By what manner of women they became, they would cause her keen pain or give her deep happiness.

The good of the work and the development of the worker were never separate in her thought. In filling a position she sought both goals. It must often have taken courage to make the choices she did. A member of her staff, who had been in a certain position for a number of years, said to her one day, "I have wondered whether ——— ought not to be in this place. She is unusually well equipped for it." Miss Cratty's reply was a revelation of her insight and foresight, and her faith in those with whom she worked. "Of course she would enjoy it immensely. But it would be along the line of her least resistance. She does not need to develop the qualities which this position calls for. You, on the other hand, need to balance the interests and abilities you already have by developing those which this position demands. It is along

the line of your greatest resistance." It was the ultimate not the immediate goal which she sought. She knew that many of her colleagues had given themselves to the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, not for a period of years but for their working lives. Each of these must, therefore, be put in a position which not only would give her present usefulness but would assure the growth which would make her able to be of greater service in the future. Sometimes the things she asked of some of the younger members of the staff seemed almost cruel. She put them into situations where they were forced to do the very things which they had vowed they never could or would do. She was never unsympathetic. She shared their struggles to a greater degree than they probably realized, for she knew through constant experience the cost of walking straight up to the task from which everything in one flinched. She once wrote to one of her colleagues, after a meeting at which she had made a speech, "Before I went on the platform, I went behind the door and twice read over that helpful letter you wrote me, to give me courage." One young member of her staff, upon whom she had laid a heavy responsibility, went to her on the eve of taking it up and said, "I want your blessing before I start out, for I am afraid." "I am a poor person to come to when you are afraid," was the reply, "for I have walked in fear all my life." Then she added: "I know this is hard for you. But I do not want to spare you hard things." To another secretary, about to begin a new and difficult piece

of work, she said, "I do not believe one should ever stay in a task after the sense of struggle has gone out of it."

"If Miss Cratty says I can do a thing I know I can, even though I am sure I can't!" was the way we sometimes expressed the feeling she gave us. She threw us into deep waters to prove to us that we could swim. And because she had been so sure we could, we somehow managed it. The misery of shivering on the brink, certain that we were going to drown, and the icy shock of the plunge, were as nothing compared to the richness of the reward we found in her quiet satisfaction afterward.

Her judgments were surprisingly accurate. She was not, of course, infallible, but failure on the part of an associate was rarely the result of misplaced confidence on Miss Cratty's part. Yet failures there sometimes were, of course. Perhaps no experience so revealed to members of her staff how greatly she cared for them. "It is suffering that needs love," she sometimes said, "joy is its own sufficiency." And many times she said, "The pain of having failed is peculiarly hard to bear." She always insisted on certainty that the failure was real and irretrievable before a change was made on the basis of it. Perhaps there was nothing for which she received so much criticism as for her determination that a person must be given every possible chance before being made to suffer the blight of failure. "They decide too quickly," she would say of those to whom the issue seemed so simple—that the work was not being done as well as it should be, therefore a change must be made. "We cannot be in a mood of easily sacrificing

the person to the work," she would add. For her such a decision was never simple, nor to be quickly made. There were to her no values greater than persons. She could not decide only on the basis of the best good of the work. She was constrained, by her sense of equal obligation to the work and to the workers, to face what each decision would do to the person involved. Would it mean a serious loss of courage and self-confidence? What would it do to others' estimate of her? These and like questions cost her many sleepless hours.

As the years went on, that concern for the individual never grew less, but to it was added a clearer perception of the fact that if a person is in a situation for which she is not well fitted, her sense of failure is increased rather than lessened by staying in it. Once assured that a person could not succeed in the position she was in, Miss Cratty did not oppose a change. What she insisted upon was that the change should be so made as to be of real value to the person involved, helping her to understand the causes for failure and thus be better equipped to succeed the next time. She found it hard to forgive, and impossible to condone, lack of complete honesty in such a situation.

She herself had no such sins to repent. She was *faithful* with those for whom she was responsible. She never nagged and seldom rebuked, but she watched the works and ways of her staff, and when any one of them habitually failed at a given point she faced that fact with her, sympathetically but squarely. Such occasions are among the most cherished memories of many a member of her

staff. Contrition might be the result of them, but never despair. Rather there was a bracing determination to turn defeat into victory, and confidence that it could be done, since Miss Cratty was so sure that one had only to see the better way in order to follow it.

She was always, to use her own phrase, "antiseptic." There are few people to whom one feels able to pour out all that may be in one's heart about another, lest an unfair impression be given, or injury done. Miss Cratty was one of the few. Because one's own heart so safely trusted in her, there was assurance that another was equally safe. She saw people as they were. Few people were ever less gullible or had fewer illusions. And she accepted people as they were. But her faith went beyond what they were to what they might be, and her judgments were always understanding. She explained and interpreted where she could not condone, and was always mindful of a person's strength as well as of her weaknesses. In the atmosphere of her spirit it was almost impossible for the baser attitudes to live. Whatever one might feel about something a colleague had said or done, any distrust of her as a person, any impugning of her motives, was so difficult as to be next to impossible in Miss Cratty's presence. To harbor such attitudes was to hurt her inexpressibly. One of the last things she said to one of the staff was, "I do not mind the sputterings of irritation, and I can bear explosions of temper, but to have people distrust one another cuts me in two." Her faith in the motives and intentions of those with whom she worked was unfaltering. "She

believed that I was incapable of evil intent," says one of her staff. Such faith creates. Things which she believed impossible became impossible.

She used often to read from a modern translation of the New Testament a verse which is there rendered, "Put affection into your love." In the love with which she regarded her fellow workers there was boundless affection. Of the letters she had had from members of the staff at Christmas time she wrote: "My heart is very warm at the thought of them. I don't deserve having you all, but I love having you even as if I were deserving of a boon so great." Often in the evening, looking back upon the day, she would say things such as these: "I looked around the room at that meeting this afternoon, and thought how much I care for all the people in it"; or, "Who am I to be blessed by having such people to work with!" or, of one or another, "Isn't ———— fine? Her attitude in the meeting today was such a help." There was pride as well as affection in her love. A long-time member of her staff writes: "What pride she felt when any one of us did anything original or heroic or commendable and she heard of it in a meeting or in some outside way! And her amused content when one got back from a long campaign with some dramatic experiences which she was never too busy to listen to." Greatly treasured are the little notes which she sometimes wrote to say, "Well done!" Equally cherished are the memories of the way her eyes shone when she had heard some word of praise of someone's work, and "could hardly wait" to tell her.

She once commented on the fact that it is possible for a mother to love each one of a large family of children with a special affection, each child having a different place, but all being equal in the degree of love received. Her relation to her staff is perfectly pictured by E. F. Benson in another of his characteristic comments on his mother: "The relationship of each one of us to her was unique as regards any other of us, for each of us found exactly and precisely what we desired, though how often we did not know what we desired till she gave it to us."

Equally true of Miss Cratty are Mr. Benson's further words: "Love is a stern business and about hers there was never the faintest trace of sentimentality." Those who came to her to be healed of wounds, real or imaginary, which they had suffered at the hands of their fellows, received no coddling. Ultra-sensitiveness, having one's feelings hurt, got short shrift from her. "There is no one so afflicting to work with as the person who is oversensitive," she would say. "Affront-taking is demoralizing and disintegrating. It is a vice of the mind. It wards people off instead of drawing them. The world does not like people who always have a sense of grievance." Yet she was never merely negative. "Sensitiveness is such a rare and beautiful quality if it is used to help you to understand and interpret other people. It is a pity to waste and misuse it by thinking about yourself."

If the trouble was not imaginary she made sure that it was not exaggerated. Then when it had been stripped of all the excrescences which wounded pride or overanxiety

had created, it was held up for kindly but dispassionate examination. "When one person has hurt another there is invariably the tendency on the part of both of them to avoid each other. Don't give in to that. It is at just such a time that you need to seek each other in order to restore normal relations."

Or was someone not "playing the game," and making things really difficult? Granted. She did not excuse that person's way of working, but she wanted to be sure first of all that you had faced the situation with this troublesome person as frankly as you were discussing it with her. If you had not, that must precede any further discussion. And there was one thing which no one might ever say—namely, that she could not work with any one of her colleagues. It might be difficult, but if she were going to remain in the fellowship of this staff, the way *must* be found. "After all," Miss Cratty would say, "there is so much more about her to like than to dislike. There is in all people, and we have to take them as we find them. They are not ours to change."

If it was life, rather than people, which was buffeting a person, her attitude was much the same. If the trouble was largely imaginary, or one of life's minor woes, it was shown to be so. There was never a more patient human being, but for self-pity she had scant patience. "The world is a terrible place for some people, and they spend a good deal of time being sorry for themselves because they have to live in it," she sometimes said. "But this is not inevitable, for it has nothing to do with outward cir-

cumstances. People whose circumstances are very good are often very sorry for themselves." "Life is like that," she would patiently remind someone who seemed to think that she was suffering something quite unique or unusual.

If there was real trouble she was tenderness incarnate. But with the tenderness was the unquestioning expectation that one would meet whatever came with courage. One's own sorrow must be seen in the perspective of all the pain of life. "Our sorrows must not be a wall to shut us in, but a window through which we may see into the hearts of others," she would say.

She herself knew greater sorrows than fall to the lot of many. She seldom spoke of them even to those closest to her. She hid her pain, shared her joy, and lived with an unstudied cheerfulness and serenity the very thought of which was a shelter to weaker, less victorious souls.

Sometimes she said that someone was "a thoroughbred." "Just what do you mean when you say that?" she was asked. "It is a very rare thing," she answered, "a term not to be commonly used. It means a person who is gallant and of the same stuff all through, all of one piece. And a thoroughbred is one who never whimpers, and never is sorry for herself."

To those who found their way of life hard Miss Cratty's advice was always, "Center your life in the lives of other people." She herself did this to an almost incredible degree. How she could carry, to the uttermost, the great and ever greater responsibilities of her work, yet be able to see and seek to help in the problems and distresses of the

many who worked with her, was a never-ending source of wonder. She knew and shared the perplexities of many and many a woman whose life brought problems very different from her own, yet who always found wisdom and help in talking things over with her. That which never became less amazing, even to those who knew her best, was how she knew and carried the troubles of many of the staff with whom she seldom came into direct contact. She knew the family burdens which members of the office staff were carrying, she seemed to be able to find out which of them had ambitions for more education, and which ought to be given a chance to undertake larger responsibilities. Some of the youngest of the secretaries, those who had least touch with her, would learn to their surprise that she had seen, and cared about, some disappointment or discouragement of theirs. Perhaps she never spoke to them about it, but to know that she was sharing the hard thing made all the difference.

Scattered memories of her are full of reminders of what a "sheltering shepherd" she was. Of the remark, for example, "When I woke this morning my first thought was that M—'s sister was to be operated on today." Of how she did not want to go to Europe one summer because there was a certain member of the staff about whom she was troubled. "If I could spend a good deal of time with her just now, I think I could help her." Of how, when another was facing a dreaded operation, she was greatly concerned to make some plan for her week-end which would help to divert her mind. Of how often, by gift or loan, she

shared the financial burdens of her fellow workers. Of how her help followed them after they were no longer on the staff. Of one who suffered for years from a fatal disease which made it impossible for her to work, and to whom, as long as she lived, Miss Cratty sent money regularly. Probably no one ever knew how many had such help from her.

Her love was as steady and changeless, as much to be counted on, as the rising and setting of the sun. But it was to be taken for granted. She was rather unusually undemonstrative. Seldom, except on rare occasions—usually when one was in distress of mind, body or estate—did she voice her affection. Yet there was about her such a glow of loving-kindness that her very presence in the building seemed to illumine it. Many and many a member of her staff could say with the one whose years of work with her were the longest, "I never thought of her without a lifting of the heart, or anticipated seeing her without a sense of exhilaration, or came away without a sense of having gained what only she could give me."

At Christmas time, just two months before she set forth for the Undiscovered Country, Miss Cratty wrote a note to the head of each department of the National Board. Each of these notes began in much the same way. "I am writing this note to you as a member of the cabinet, head of a staff in this building. I decided that I would at least try to express to each member of the cabinet, and through her to the particular staff with which she works, my sense of obligation and appreciation for their loyal service and hers.

Words are very inadequate to do that. My heart is warm at the very remembrance of all your faces, and for what they say to me of your goodness and unselfish devotion. But in addition to doing that I began to give words in my mind to the peculiar gifts different ones bring to our fellowship which no other one does bring. And as I counted them over, one by one, seeing you all in my mind's eyes, sitting around the table week after week, or in your offices, or in the halls—I began to realize freshly how great my sense of dependence is on each for something or some things, that no other one can or does bring. And it is for this in particular that I desire to offer my gift of appreciation."

"I so enjoy your differences," she often said. A sentence in a letter to one of the staff is very characteristic: "One is better for one thing, one for another—thank goodness that you aren't all alike!"

Some years ago a minister who had been a frequent speaker and teacher at summer conferences of the Young Women's Christian Association, said that as he met one and another of the national staff he had been impressed and surprised by the greatness of their differences. In many organizations, he said, there was pronounced likeness among the workers, either because people of a certain type were chosen, or because the work they did seemed to cast them in the same mold, to put, as it were, a certain stamp upon them. "When I met Miss Cratty," he said, "I understood the reason."

A woman from another country who had spent several

months in New York in the autumn of 1928, and had come to know many of the headquarters staff well, wrote to one of them: "I wish I could have known Miss Cratty, but I begin to feel that I almost do. One cannot be among you people long without knowing that there is some *one* very live inspiration behind all your diversities. I have felt the absolute necessity of some one personality behind you to account for you."

The fact that so large a group of women, so different from one another in temperament and abilities, are so truly of one spirit, and work together in such accord, is perhaps more revealing of her who was their leader than any other single thing. The differences were a matter of deliberate choice. "You know," she once wrote, "that I have nominated people for positions of leadership not on the basis of having my policies carried out, but on the basis of securing as much original contribution as possible." That she was well aware of the price which must be paid for this, a price which in the end of the day only she could pay, is shown by her further statement: "That is why it takes so much nervous and spiritual energy and so much time to secure wholeness and mutual trust, faith, and confidence. But the result!"

A comment made by a member of the staff of the Federal Council of Churches, Mr. Worth Tippy, is of especial interest because it comes from one who saw the results of Miss Cratty's leadership from the outside: "I saw Miss Cratty frequently during the last twelve years, and the Commission on Social Service had constant and intimate

relations with the Industrial Department of the Young Women's Christian Association. Sometimes these relations brought us into direct conference with Miss Cratty. She was then informed, careful, and strong. But ordinarily she entrusted the contacts of the Y. W. C. A. with the Commission wholly to the executives of departments. These executives have been singularly well chosen and have had a common spirit of courageous and unselfish service. They have worked apparently with freedom and poise, so much so, indeed, that I have often reflected upon and admired what seemed to result either from the unseen and silent activity of a strong personality, which made one think of the silence of God, or from an exceptional group action, as if many generous minds were closely linked together. If the former was the case, she must have been the personality to whom in large measure we must credit the admirable spirit and work of the Young Women's Christian Association. If the latter, which I suspect is the truth, the achievement is the greater. Of her it might be said, except possibly to her intimate friends, 'By their works shall ye know them.' "

While the members of the national staff felt that they were especially hers and in a unique relation to her, so did many others. Every Young Women's Christian Association in the United States, and every member of the Association, was, in a very real sense, hers. She cared about them all. And throughout the country, on college campuses, in little towns, in small cities and big, there were those who somewhere, in the National School, at a conference or con-

vention, or on a field trip, she had come to know personally, and who were thereafter permanent dwellers in her house of many mansions. And this was true not only in the country of whose Association she was general secretary. There were few countries within the fellowship of the World's Young Women's Christian Association in which she did not have personal friends.

She was, throughout the years of her general secretaryship, one of the twelve members from the United States on the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, a deeply interested and devoted member. Through her faithful attendance at the World's Conferences and meetings of the World's Committee, at Paris in 1906, Swanwick in 1910, Berlin in 1912, Stockholm in 1914, Champéry in 1920, Washington in 1924, Oxford in 1926, she kept in close and constant touch with the work and the workers of other lands. In connection with her attendance at World's Conferences and World's Committee meetings she had frequent opportunity to see the Association at work in the countries of Europe, and had an understanding and insight in regard to the varying situations and problems of the different national Associations which in view of the greatness of her own task was truly extraordinary. One of her most extended visits to Europe was made in 1918, when the War Work Council of the National Board was carrying on work in seven European countries, most of which she visited at that time.

A member of the World's Committee staff says of Miss Cratty: "She occupied a unique place in our world-wide

fellowship. Though she had been general secretary of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations in the United States of America since the formation of that body, it is impossible to think of her only in connection with that Association. She identified herself whole-heartedly with the work of the World's Committee. She was a familiar figure to those who have attended World's Conferences or meetings of the World's Committee. Though her chosen place at such meetings was always the background, a remark dropped into the midst of a discussion would suddenly show the penetration of her thought and the breadth of her sympathies. Small wonder, therefore, that her wise judgment was constantly sought on the problems of many countries, and that she found friends in them all."

When her service was over, a former member of the World's Executive Committee wrote: "The passing of Miss Cratty is the greatest loss sustained by women in my recollection. I am not exaggerating when I say that. I have found no one to whom I found myself giving greater trust or completer confidence. She was so big and quiet and kind and loving and wise." The feeling of many a national general secretary was reflected in the words of Fraülein Zarnack of Germany: "Her tasks and mine were alike, and I have so often wished for her gifts of leadership. She was a pattern to me, and will remain so, above all in her inner life." The general secretary of another national Association said recently: "I don't remember that I ever had a letter from her, except perhaps a brief note

about some engagement when she was over here. And I saw her so few times. It shows what kind of woman she was that out of such few and brief meetings I should have gained that enduring impression of her, as of someone I knew well, and who played a big part in my life."

"When we read in the latest report of the Foreign Division of the Association in the United States that there are now 109 American secretaries at work in thirty-seven centers outside the U. S. A.; that urgent requests for special help have been recently received from many sources; when we hear that the United States contributes more than half of the income of the World's Committee—then we realize how strong an influence must have been at work to lead one country to shoulder the burden of so many countries in addition to its own," reads a paragraph in the bulletin of the World's Committee for April, 1928. It adds, "That its own burdens are not light is clear at once to any sympathetic visitor."

The Young Women's Christian Association in the United States has indeed not found its burdens light during the years since the close of the war. In common with several other organizations it has been passing through a period of difficult adjustment. When the United States entered the war, the government looked to the Association to shoulder a heavy responsibility of work for girls both in the United States and overseas. It was splendid proof of the soundness and strength of the building which had been done under Miss Cratty's leadership that the national organization, then scarcely more than a decade old, had a

structure capable of bearing the sudden and unprecedented demands made upon it. It must have been deeply gratifying to Miss Cratty to see the confidence placed in the National Board at that time, convincingly evidenced not only by the great program it was asked to carry but by the generosity of the gifts made for that program. But she was never blinded by the enthusiasm of the present to the price that must be paid in the future. Some of her co-workers have vivid memories of a meeting where a budget mounting into the millions was being adopted. It was so easy to get money then! Someone moved that the budget be still further increased. Miss Cratty did not oppose this, but after many enthusiastic speakers had had their say, she quietly urged that before the motion was adopted the price that might have to be paid in the future be recognized. Perhaps this motion should be passed, but it must be done with understanding of what that decision would mean tomorrow as well as today.

With the close of the war came the lean years. There were no quick solutions to the problems that must be solved. The new obligations assumed during the war years could not suddenly be dropped. Some of them could be given up in time, but only gradually and with careful planning. Others had come to stay. It was impossible to go back to the place in which the national organization had been before the war. The inflation of the war years had been abnormal, but the normal work of the future would have to be far larger than that of the past. Moreover, the country was suffering the inevitable reaction,

after the constant giving of the war years. To reduce the work to the proportions for which support could now be secured, without irreparable damage, was a perplexing and complicated problem. Some urged that the obvious thing to do was to reduce the amount given to work in other countries. Others felt that this was the very last place to cut.

During those days Miss Cratty proved how truly she was an "international stateswoman," a term which was often applied to her. That the Young Women's Christian Association of a country which had suffered less loss than any of the major participants in the war, and which was wealthier than any other, should not carry its full share in the work of other countries was unthinkable. At the New York convention in 1924, she said:

"I was asked the other day to come into a little group meeting, and in a few minutes attempt to answer this question for that group: 'Why should the Associations in the United States contribute to work in other countries?' I want to repeat three things that I said then. In the first place, they should contribute for the selfish reason that it is the only way to save their own lives. The Wise Man, you remember, told us that there is that which giveth and it increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth and it tendeth to poverty. We do not need to remind ourselves —our experience has made it so evident—that there is no possible way by which the national organization in this country can hope to grow except as it shares with other lands.

"Any world traveler, especially if she be a woman, has it borne in upon her mind again and again as she goes along the great thoroughfare of the world, and especially as she has to turn at its crossroads, how this peculiar institution of the Young Women's Christian Association, so well known the world around because of the length of its own history, because of the worth of its brother organization and the still longer length of its history, and because of the peculiar flexibility of the institution as an instrument, all around the world is sanctuary for many and many a girl, and is more and more making the world a safe place for her restless heart and feet.

"And second, the Young Women's Christian Association should share with other nations of the earth because they want what we have, and we like to give what we have.

"And third, there is this movement of women—which either Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Shaw, I don't remember which, has spoken of as 'the most indigestible fact of our generation'—this movement of women, so restless, so directionless at times, so faulty in spirit, so rich in aspiration. To the extent that the Association, being a Christian movement and a woman's movement, is also a world movement, it is possible for it to contribute richly to the woman's movement in our generation, to give it direction, to help clarify it where it is turbid, to contribute spirit to it.

"At the Indianapolis convention a little Korean girl quoted a Japanese statesman as saying, 'Where women are friends, men will not fight.' The Young Women's Chris-

tian Association is, in many ways, probably more fundamentally than we ourselves realize, helping to make the women of the world friends."

On the other hand, she never joined those who wished to protect the foreign work from sharing in the reduction the home organization was facing. Believing profoundly as she did that the Associations of the United States should contribute generously to work in other countries; feeling, as she had all her life, deep, personal interest in the foreign missionary movement; it must have taken courage to risk misunderstanding, to seem, perhaps, to some not to care for the work in the Orient and Latin America as they did. But as always, she saw farther than most, looked beyond the present to tomorrow's need. At the New York convention she not only stated her conviction that the Associations of the United States must give to work in other countries. She also said:

"There is a relation between what we know as the 'home base' and the amount of money and the number of workers which can safely be sent continuously to other lands. I have heard, for instance, one person after another say, 'I would make any sacrifice whatever to sustain this piece of work in China, or that piece of work in Mexico, or that piece of work in India.' I do not doubt that is true. In these days that are coming, when our hearts are warm and kindled by the contact of spirit and spirit, and mind and mind, we face the possibility of being so moved by what was yesterday referred to as our American kindness of heart, that we may lose sight of the inextricable connec-

tion between the society which sends, and that which it can continuously send.

"What I am trying to say is this: All the countries of the earth that want the Young Women's Christian Association and have a right to expect that we shall share what we have, are going to suffer for our failure here; because our failure here limits what we can send."

She never saw India, save through the eyes of others. When her colleague, Helen Davis, went around the world she made but one request of her, that she visit the Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow, and sit down at her aunt Isabella's desk and write her a letter about it. Nor did she ever visit the work of the Association in South America, Mexico, the Near East, or the Philippines. The length of absence from her own increasingly heavy task which visits to far-away lands necessitated became more and more difficult. She did, however, visit China, Japan and Korea in 1921, stopping in Honolulu on her return journey. The first-hand knowledge of the Orient which this trip gave her stood her in good stead when in 1927 she was one of the small group of women chosen as delegates from the United States to the Institute of Pacific Relations held in Honolulu.

At the time of her death, the New York *Times,* in its editorial tribute to her, attributed much of her "great success as an executive to her foresight in anticipating the direction which the social and economic development of women would take." "She was," it stated, "well worthy to be called 'international stateswoman.' "

So completely did Mabel Cratty give herself to the Young Women's Christian Association that probably few, even of her immediate co-workers, realized how great was her gift to other organizations. Cooperation with other movements with similar purposes and goals was, of course, an essential part of her own work. But in any group of which she was a member she was far more than a representative of the Young Women's Christian Association. She gave herself whole-heartedly to the cooperative task of the whole group, and shared with understanding and sympathy the problems of the other organizations represented.

One of the passages from what she usually referred to as "The Good Book," which she read to her staff most often, was this:

"And Jehovah appeared unto Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, 'Ask what I shall give thee.' And Solomon said, 'Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great loving-kindness, according as he walked before Thee in truth and in righteousness and in uprightness of heart with Thee. And now O Jehovah, my God, Thou hast made thy servant king instead of David, my father. And I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or come in. Give thy servant therefore an understanding heart, that I may discern between good and evil.' And God said unto him, 'Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast thou asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of

thine enemies, behold I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart.' "

She brought many things to the groups of which she was a member—the World's Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, the National Social Work Council, the Council of Christian Associations, the Administrative Committee of the Inquiry, etc. She brought knowledge and experience, and an unusually keen and far-seeing mind. But when the members of these groups talk of what it was that made her membership mean what it did to them, what it is that makes them miss her so sorely, it is of her wise and understanding heart that they speak.

The National Social Work Council is a group made up of leaders from thirty national social agencies. At the first meeting of the group held after Miss Cratty's death, some time was given to talking of her. Mr. David Holbrook, executive secretary of the Council, in sending the record of that meeting to the National Board wrote: "We devoted a few minutes to talking about her in much the same way we have talked with her. The meaning of her life to social work, and the very great value of her service was the theme. But her share in our thinking and growth as individuals and as a Council has been so real that the record of the discussion reveals largely the appreciation of our own fellowship with her and our deep sense of personal loss. And the occasion was more impressive than the

words. The life is more real to us than anything we can say."

Of the many discerning words spoken at that meeting, only a few can be quoted. All are significant in their revelation of what workers in other organizations felt that they owed to her. Mr. Howard Braucher, chairman of the Playground Association, was the first to speak. He said in part:

"To me it has meant a very great deal to feel the quiet, simple, patient, self-forgetting way in which Miss Cratty has always worked with us. It seemed to me that instinctively she always took the long view, the educational point of view that must prevail if social work in America is ever going to have the standing it ought to have. I was impressed at different times with her willingness to think of starting processes of which she herself would never see the fruition. I think personally I feel stronger for doing my work, I have more confidence in the people with whom I work, because of what I have seen of Miss Cratty in the war time, and as we have sat together around the table here."

Remembering Miss Cratty's own statements of how she had to struggle against fear, the words of Mrs. Florence Kelley, of the National Consumers' League, are tribute indeed. "The work in which I was associated with Miss Cratty gave me a feeling which can be expressed in a very simple word. I always thought of her as perfectly unafraid. She had a veto power in the immeasurably vast organization with which she grew up in the last twenty-

two years. She had a veto power which could have been fatal in a considerable number of very important decisive movements in the last fifteen years, and so far as I know she has never used that veto power. All of the power that she had was used in the other way in every crisis that arose, even though her own burden of responsibility might be greatly increased as a result. In many cases where other people were spurred to make great exertions it was because she advocated going forward, and her organization did go forward. Yet if it had gone over a precipice the disaster would have been a very considerable one.

"I do not know that anything else has been so difficult in the last fifteen years as to be unafraid. I do not think I know of any other organization which has done so many things with very great danger to itself as the Young Women's Christian Association—in doing away with the race barrier, and doing away with the sectarian barrier, and in increasing the number of nations embraced in its membership when so many of those nations were all at loggerheads. There may be other organizations that have taken these daring steps but I have been trying for four days to think of any of them."

Miss Cratty's unvarying habit of looking at any question with complete dispassionateness, free from any bias which her personal relation to it might have been expected to create, was a characteristic which especially impressed Mr. Bondy of the American Red Cross. "She talked in those discussions which we had regarding the income problems of our organizations as though it mattered not whether it

hit her own organization," he said. "The thing that mattered to her was that the truth as a real basis of understanding might come out. There was a breadth of interest that seemed to run through all of her thinking and all the things she did."

So little interested was she in herself that it is quite impossible to imagine her being able to bear hearing herself thus praised, even by such good friends and fellow workers as these. But had she heard them, she must have liked the way in which Dr. Snow of the American Social Hygiene Association linked her with Miss Dodge. "There is passing through my mind the first meeting I had with Miss Cratty. It was at a dinner in the home of Miss Grace Dodge. It was in 1914. Miss Dodge said, 'I want you who are my friends to know each other.' And I have always felt since, as I have grown to know Miss Cratty, that the measure of the greatness of Miss Dodge was an equal measure of Miss Cratty. I have tried to think, as a matter of reasoning, of the difference that her going will mean to us. I can't quite. I don't believe I ever will feel it, because already in these few days so many times something has turned up in my own dealings with persons where something Miss Cratty has said has come to me as being applicable to that situation. I think I shall continue to feel that Miss Cratty is coming back presently and all the things she has said in the past years are coming back to us. I think her contribution to any of the fields with which I am connected will go on being fruitful into an indefinite number of years."

Many months later, one of the members of that group was talking with two of Miss Cratty's friends about her. He said that he had known her only as a member of the National Social Work Council, but that there was not a single day in which he did not find himself wishing that he could have her judgment on some question. The members of that Council are seasoned workers, each of them a national leader in his or her own organization. They are, he reminded us, people who have been in social work so long that they seldom feel the need of asking advice or counsel of anyone. Yet even the most experienced, he said, felt a "sense of personal dependence" upon Miss Cratty. In a difficult situation they would pick up the telephone and talk with her, or ask for an appointment with her. If the group had some new question or proposition to face, she was always one whose thinking they wanted at the very outset. The members of the Council met regularly each month and Miss Cratty had been, he said, very regular in her attendance. A stenotype report of the discussions was always taken. He had gone through these reports recently, and found that Miss Cratty had not been one of those who spoke frequently. Yet she had been one of those whose influence had been strongest. "For there was," he said, "a world of meaning in her every sentence, every phrase, every word." And he added, "I find that I remember her exact words as I do those of few people."

Knowing something of the greatness of her own immediate responsibilities, he had been greatly impressed with

the simplicity with which she accepted requests for her help. "She gave her service to other national groups, large or small, with no thought of anything save whether she had something to give that was wanted." At the time of her death she was chairman of a committee which was studying the whole question of the financing of national agencies. Her death was, he said, a very great loss to the committee, for she had become a leader in the thinking concerning that difficult and intricate question. One of his last memories of her had made a deep impression. He had been perturbed over some problem which had arisen, and had telephoned Miss Cratty in regard to it, asking if he might talk with her. Her reply had been instant, "I will come right over." "Oh," he had protested, "I will come to you." He was the one who was asking help. He was the younger of the two, and he was a man. But she had gone to his office, explaining as she came in, "I was free to come, and besides I like to see you in your own setting sometimes." "She was so great, and so simple," he said.

Another member of that same group was speaking of her nearly a year after her death. "We took her for granted," he said. "We knew we could not expect a meeting to be right if she was not there, for she had the deepest kind of common sense. I never knew her judgment to be other than the very best. She had rare capacity for weighing both sides of a question, and she had complete courage in decisions. And I never saw her when she had less than perfect good-will. She was a statesman. But we took her

for granted. We know now that no member of our group could be more missed. Others of us talked more, but no other exerted an influence more pervasive or more abiding. She was the most selfless person I ever knew," he went on. "She was pure gold. We were all stronger and finer for our contact with her. Yet she was so unconscious of that. She gave no consideration to herself at all. She was so wholesome, so normal, so simple. No one could fail to see exactly what she was."

He spoke especially of the atmosphere of serenity which she created. "We knew the greatness of her task, the pressure she must be under. Yet when one of us went to talk with her she seemed always to have plenty of time. There was none of that sense of haste which many busy people give. It was restful to sit down with her—peaceful—but it was the peace of activity. She was giving her whole mind to the problem before us.

"I talked with my ten year old daughter about her," he said, his eyes on the photograph of Miss Cratty on his table. "I told her how we had worked together, and how Miss Cratty had always helped us to take a long-time view of things. I tried to describe her serenity. She was never disturbed by little things, as are people of lesser faith. Her faith strengthened the faith and spirit of us all. I tried to make my little girl see that the greatness of this woman lay not so much in what she did or what she said as in what she was. She was not, I told her, different from ordinary clay, she was not greater than many other people in her gifts. But how different from most of us she was in

her faith, her love, her vision. She lived in the presence of eternal things. The spirit of God was within her. We saw it in her. I shall never forget the note of victory of the service held when she died. I tried to help my little daughter to see what a wonderful thing it was to live so that when one died people thought of victory; that deeper than their sadness was their gratitude for the beauty and the glory of such a life."

Because the Young Women's Christian Association is both a social and a religious movement, it is similarly related to such groups as the National Council of Social Work and the Federal Council of Churches. Miss Cratty's life-long loyalty to the church, and her deep concern that the Young Women's Christian Association should always maintain close connection with the church, made her a most interested member of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council. She seldom missed one of its meetings. In this group, as in the National Council of Social Work, her influence was great, but not because of her much speaking. "She did not say a great deal," one of the staff said. "I remember an occasion when one of the departments of the Federal Council was under criticism, and she rose to its defense, speaking in warm appreciation of its work. But she was not one of those who talked much. Yet all the members of the staff felt her understanding of their problems. She gave us a sense of undergirding and support. She was always eager to explore, and to move out ahead. That attitude was hers consistently, and we felt a sense of reinforcement in the realization that a great

organization like the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations was moving in the same direction as our own." After a moment he went on: "There are different types of leaders. My realization of the greatness of her leadership has grown steadily in the years that I have seen its results, and compared it with other kinds of leadership. She was never the promoting type. But the organization with which she worked would be sure to have prophetic vision and courage. She had wisdom, insight, discernment. She saw what the really crucial problems were, and she had genuine vision of the way in which a Christian organization should move."

One evening a few years ago a man who had lived and worked in several countries, and had been much in demand as a leader in the conferences of various Christian organizations, including those of the Young Women's Christian Association, was recalling his experiences. One of those with whom he was talking was a worker in the Young Women's Christian Association. "What I like so much about your show," he said to her, "is that the woman who is at the head of it is one who stays in the background and thinks."

IN Mabel Cratty's notebook was copied a question used in the ritual of initiation of the Buddhist priesthood, "Art thou a human being?" More than once she used that query as a text in talking with her staff. She was, supremely, a human being. Although she carried responsi-

bilities equalled by those of only a few other women of her time, she was so essentially a human being that the adjective "simple" has been used to describe her more often than almost any other, save perhaps "serene."

In her office, on the bookcase facing her desk, was a photograph of a statue of Lincoln. She read almost every book on Lincoln which came out, and owned many of them. Rothschild's *Lincoln, Master of Men,* she read repeatedly. She often said it was the best guide to an administrator which she knew, and had been of more help to her in her work than almost any other single book. She had many characteristics in common with Lincoln.

The very desk at which she worked revealed the human being beneath the master workman. There was always a picture of a child on it. For years the photograph of the small daughter of her friend Theresa Wilbur Paist was there, later came a solemn-eyed likeness of her older niece, Mary Thoburn Cratty, and then an enlargement of a charming kodak picture of Mary's little sister, Anne.

A child was the loveliest thing in the world to her. When she enumerated the things which awakened the mood of worship, or through which a blessing might come, she was sure to include "the look on the face of a little child." The old word "innocents" was one she often used. The quality of childlikeness seemed to her one of the characteristics of the really great. She had culled and copied into her notebook quotations from the biographies of great folk, such as these:

"With the knowledge of a world-wise man, he kept the heart of a child."

"Often and often have I seen his face turn that of a child or a youth filled with wonder."

"His heart, for all his much experience, or perhaps because of that, was a simple heart."

"She was thinking that a man like him kept always in his heart something of the simplicity of a little child; she wondered if she, herself, though so much younger in actual years, were not worlds more sophisticated."

In her notebook, too, is this, by Francis Thompson:

"Do you know what it is to be a child? It is something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love and loveliness; to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses; lowliness into loftiness, and nothing into everything; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself king of infinite space."

"We need to remember how easy it is to lose the heart of a child," she often said, "and what it is we lose when we do lose it. Our age has information, skill, experiences, associations, worldly wisdom, knowledge, its mental tools are very sharp, it is willing enough to face the logic of events and circumstances. But the need to *see* clearly, the need for wisdom, for discernment, for understanding! How we exhaust words in our attempt to express the depth of this need. We have not *seers*. It is those who keep the

heart of a child, who are loving and candid, who see. It is the pure in heart who see God."

Mabel Cratty had the mind of a student, but she could never have been a cloistered student, living and thinking apart from the crowded ways of life. Life itself was her field of study, and people were her textbooks to a far greater degree than the printed page. "There is such a thing as reading too much," she would say, "for then one tends to sit in the critic's seat, looking at life, instead of living it." She did not at all discourage the aspirations of members of her staff for opportunity for time for study in the field of their special interests. She even tried sometimes to find time in her busy days to attend a course herself. With full recognition of the value of such study, she was nevertheless convinced that it was not through study of books that most people received the best equipment for their work. To those who felt inadequately prepared for their tasks, and thought that study was the panacea, she was prone to say, "It is through working with others, meeting the experiences the days bring, submitting to the disciplines our tasks impose, that we grow in ability to meet their demands. Books and classrooms can not give us the values we can gain only in this way."

She lived five miles from her office, making the trip to and fro in a bus. Some of the other members of her household were apt to fret at the necessity of spending so much time in getting to and from their work. To her the daily trip was a boon. "My time on the bus," she used to say, "gives me time to think, and to feel myself a part of

humankind." A journey on a train or street-car, even on the subway, was never tiresome to her because of her keen interest in people. Stores had the same lure for her. A favorite pastime, which never lost its savor, was shopping at Woolworth's. She said it rested her more than an opera! She would come home with some treasure for each member of her household, and the refreshment of spirit which mingling with "simple folk" never failed to bring.

The time she spent in planning pleasures for other people, many other people, seems almost incredible in the light of the greatness of her responsibilities. One day when some of the members of the staff were sharing their treasured memories of her, one of them said that when she set forth on a long journey, several years ago, Miss Cratty had given her a package so beautifully wrapped that it seemed a pity to mar its loveliness by opening it. But when the outer wrappings had been taken off, and the box opened, it was found to be filled with a score or so of other packages. Each contained something useful for a journey, and all were wrapped with exquisite care in lovely papers, of different colors but chosen to make a harmonious whole.

To few people is Christmas such a festival as it was to Miss Cratty. She began planning for it months in advance. Each of her many Christmas gifts was the result of careful and loving thought. Each must be something that was especially right for the recipient. Gifts to Americans in other countries were usually "something from home that they cannot get over there." Much thought and real

effort went into assembling such reminders of home as maple sugar, pecan meats, pine-needle pillows. Those who worked in her own office say that perhaps in no other one way did she give them so much as through her feeling for Christmas. She had a tiny Christmas tree for each desk in the offices of the department of General Administration. One year she had a Christmas gift for every department at the national headquarters—a beautiful English railroad poster which she had brought home from abroad, and which transformed the dull walls of committee room or office. In 1927 she purchased literally dozens of some gay little suede purses which she discovered at Woolworth's, and crocheted borders of silver beads on them, "glorifying" them, she said. One member of the National Board treasures the memory of a week-end Miss Cratty spent with her not long before that Christmas. "After dinner she sat by the fire in that lovely rose dress, with the fire-light on her beautiful hair, crocheting beads on those little suede purses. She was a picture of everything you most want a woman to be."

In doing things with her hands she found, perhaps, some opportunity to express that sense of artistry which the pressure of her work made it hard for her to find in other ways. A friend who did not enjoy sewing watched with wonder the evident pleasure with which she was doing a bit of cross-stitch. "But don't you love to create something beautiful?" Miss Cratty asked. "I find such satisfaction in that." She one day presented that same friend with a length of dimity, strewn with tiny rosebuds. "This

is for a nightgown for you," she said, and added with firmness, "I will cut it out for you, but you are to make it yourself; I am going to see that you do. You are not going to be a nice old lady unless you learn to do things with your hands."

One of her favorite ways of resting was to wash and iron. She even traveled with an electric iron, in order to insure that kind of refreshment while on a trip! There seemed to be endless satisfaction to her in making things exquisitely smooth and fresh.

Another favorite occupation which could not be so often indulged in was painting furniture. One bedroom in her home was almost entirely the work of her hands. She had mixed blue, black and white paints until she secured just the right shade of blue for the bed, dresser, mirror and bedside table. She had searched the shops for just the right shade and material of blue for bed-cover and curtains, and had designed and made the blue, rose-embroidered covers for dresser and table.

Color afforded her endless delight. Her taste tended, when she was younger, toward the delicate pastel shades, especially those of rose and lavender, but she suddenly developed a delight in stronger colors which she never lost. A visit to Czechoslovakia was responsible for this. The members of her family watched in amazement some of the transformations wrought in their household decorations after this visit. Occasionally one of them voiced a protest —"An orange pillow next to a *red* one!" "That's the color combination of bittersweet," was the tranquil reply.

She often said that if she were not a secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association she would like to be an interior decorator.

A visit to Europe during the war years was, for one of her compassion, a terrible experience. She had to struggle to find things which would enable her to go through the days without being crushed by a realization of the agonies of which life is capable. After she came back she talked to the staff one day about the simple, everyday things which are the common possession of us all, in which it is possible to find some kind of refuge. "I do not think the world can ever be quite unendurable to me so long as there is pink in it," she said.

It was really rose color that she loved best. The Business Division furnishes the national offices with good sensible brown blotters. Miss Cratty found brown totally uninteresting. She laid in a supply of rose blotters, put one on top of her desk, and lined all her desk drawers with the others. To see one of those desk drawers open was an aesthetic experience! Many members of her staff have said that when problems loomed large, merely to go into Miss Cratty's office was like balm upon a harassed brow. No clutter of papers strewed her desk. There was very little on it—the rose blotter, a little carved figure of cool white jade, a very few books, her little niece's photograph, and perhaps a folder containing material on the subject you were to talk about. And there was the person who carried the whole burden of which yours was only one

part, awaiting you with the air of having nothing but you and your problems to think about.

If her desk drawers were a marvel, her dresser drawers were the despair of all who had a glimpse of them. "I am going to use my holiday tomorrow to reorganize my bureau drawers, and make them more worthy of the beautiful flowered boxes you gave me," she wrote on the last day of 1927, in a letter, most of which described the anxiety with which she was watching the money come into the treasury of the National Board, hoping against hope that 1927 could be closed without a deficit. The rearrangement of her dresser drawers was almost as favorite a way of resting as ironing, or shopping at Woolworth's.

Another source of great refreshment to her was music. If she had been able to give time to it she could probably have been a master of the piano. She loved it, and her long slender fingers seemed made for it. As it was, she found much pleasure for herself, and gave much to the members of her household, by her playing, much of which was by ear. A few weeks before her death she had promised to be chairman of a committee which was to compile a new Association hymn-book. "I do not know of anything I would rather do," she wrote when asked to do this, "and I do not see why I should not give myself this pleasure." She was very sensitive to the relation between the theme and the melody of a hymn, and delighted in the search for the music which would just fit the words.

Had she had greater margins of strength she would have delighted in sharing the home which she so much en-

joyed even more generously than she did. As it was, she was not able to do a great deal of the ordinary kind of entertaining, but used her home chiefly for those who needed sanctuary. "I would like to have a room here for you always," she wrote a friend, "to which you could come when you needed escape and refuge." It was there that one secretary spent the first Christmas after she had been left alone by her mother's death. There it was that another in deep sorrow came for a few days of quiet and comfort. It was to her home that another planned to go for a convalescence. She could not have many gatherings of any size, but there were memorable Sunday night suppers when different groups were welcomed. When in 1924 many members of the staffs of other countries came to attend the New York convention and the meeting of the World's Committee following it, she invited them all to such a supper. Planning it was an exciting adventure, with the gastronomic likes and dislikes of so many nationalities to be considered. Certain dishes which were customary favorites for such occasions must be avoided. Certain others might be pleasant introductions to America. That menu was planned with as much care as were the convention sessions!

"Art thou a human being?" To Mabel Cratty impersonality was almost the unforgivable sin. Very clear in the memory of one of her friends is her contrition because she was not able to recall the face of a saleswoman who had served her. That she had not seen her as a person, apart from the service she was rendering, convicted her of sin.

She could rarely pass a beggar without giving money. Her mind accepted the fact that this was not the best way to help, but her heart would not let her pass by.

MABEL CRATTY believed in the communion of saints. She was in China at the time of the sudden death of Grace Coppock, the beloved general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of China. When the stricken staff went back to the offices which had suddenly become so empty, Miss Cratty was with them. She asked them to come together, and gathering them about her she read from *Presence* by Bishop Brent, a little book which meant much to her. Part of what she read that day she read again several years later at a service held in memory of her close friend and fellow worker, Clarissa Spencer.

"Love is in its supreme triumphs volitional rather than emotional. It creates affinities out of antagonisms, friends out of enemies, presences out of absences. Its zest is for men rather than selected men. Its method is to draw out the richest presence by offering the richest presence. Its law is devotion to persons, beginning with God and ending with man, the last and the least. Its domain, therefore, is everywhere, all the time. Love, and consequently human presence, cannot be expressed in terms of time or space. Nothing can loosen the grasp of love on a presence which it wills to retain."

The words express her own deep conviction. She had no sense of separation from those who had gone on into

the world for which she often used the term "Undiscovered Country." She carried with her always a letter in which her mother had written that she was sure that she would always be near her. "I am as sure of mother's presence and of Miss Dodge's, as of yours," she would say. It was not, to her, a beautiful hope; certainly not a proposition to be debated. It was a serene, never-questioned assurance, in the blessedness of which she walked through the days. Once when she and a friend were talking together the other said, "I would give anything for your constant sense of the presence of those we no longer see." "Yes, it is a gift," was the quiet response. She did not often speak of it, any more than she spoke of the air she breathed. Perhaps, too, she feared to be misunderstood, for she looked with what can only be described as repulsion on anything akin to "spiritualism." The search for assurance, through external means, of an unbroken fellowship of spirit with one's best beloved, wherever they might be, was to her inexpressibly pitiful. She recognized with compassion the hunger of heart which it revealed. But to seek to demonstrate a spiritual reality through material means seemed to her to do violence to an infinitely sacred thing.

Once, in answer to an appeal, she tried to share something of her own sense of assurance in a letter. "I find it so much easier to believe that they still live than the opposite. If I believe that mother lives—and I *can't* believe anything else—then I act as if, or according to, what I believe, that she is with me, reaching out to me, reinforcing me with her faith in me, her expectation that I will carry

on courageously. And what results? I have the feeling of spending much of my time with her. And my belief is that she can do more for me than she could, as she is by so much less limited. . . . If it is any comfort to you to warm yourself by my experience, it is that all the others are familiar and present in my daily life."

In 1927, at the service in memory of Clarissa Spencer, she said, speaking of the national headquarters building to which she again and again referred as "the home of my spirit":

"Fifteen years ago, as we were about to move into this building, just completed, I wrote some paragraphs in an effort to express our hopes for its usefulness. This is the last paragraph: 'This is more than a business place. We are associated here in a relationship of kindred, a family in the large sense. We have come together in one Name. We are in that Name pledged to live life at a high level. We have a common purpose. As the years go on there will gather about this place the common human experiences. Important plans will be made in it. The good and the great will visit it. The expression of this will be the Spirit of the House. It may be a rest and a shelter to whosoever enters its doors, a sweet savor in this community, a resource of faith and inspiration to every worker, a spiritual propulsion toward that to which all our hopes are set. In this sense this indeed may become a building of God, a dwelling-place for his Spirit.'

"What I would add to what I wrote fifteen years ago, if I were writing it today, is that, as the years have gone on,

this place has become hallowed for us who work here with the presences of some whom we no longer see with the eyes of our bodies. 'Nothing can loosen the grasp of love on a presence which it wills to retain.' So they are forever here."

To those who shared with her in the fellowship of a common and beloved task, who were associated with her in "a relationship of kindred," there is unfailing comfort and strength in the assurance that she is still the heart of our life and work together, our tower of strength, reinforcing us with her faith in us, her expectation that we will carry on courageously. She is forever here.

SURSUM CORDA

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MABEL CRATTY died on Monday, February 27, 1928, in New York City, after a brief illness from pneumonia. The following afternoon a service was held at the national headquarters of the Young Women's Christian Association, 600 Lexington Avenue.

Following the service in New York, a little group of her family and friends left for Bellaire, Ohio, the place where she was born, and where members of her immediate family are buried. Wednesday afternoon a service was held there, in the Methodist Church, to which came many of the members of her family, most of whom live in Ohio, and many members of her Association family from near-by Associations. The same service used in New York was followed in Bellaire.

The hymns used in this service were among those which she loved most. The selection of readings from the Bible was one she herself had made. The reading from *Pilgrim's Progress* she had chosen to be read at her mother's funeral service. The other readings and the prayers were taken from her notebook. The entire service was so expressive of her that it is included in this, her book.

Opening Sentences

I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear.

For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

And this is life eternal, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

Hymn

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heav'n thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. *Amen.*

Reading from Pilgrim's Progress

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana. So inquiry was made for her, and the

house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, Hail, good woman; I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou should'st stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

When he had read this to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, she called for Mr. Greatheart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and would have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the riverside.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor what little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide, and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, "Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-

hearted; be faithful unto death, and my King will give you a crown of life. I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end."

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, "I come, Lord, to be with Thee and bless Thee!" So her children and friends returned to their places, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate. At her departure, the children wept. But Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Valiant played the harp for joy.

HYMN

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
O dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above.
There in an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with his love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on his piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land. *Amen.*

Scripture Selections*

Now faith is a well-grounded assurance of that for which we hope, and a conviction of the reality of things we do not see. By it the saints of old won God's approval. But when there is no faith it is impossible to please Him; for the man who draws near to God must believe that there is a God and that He proves Himself a rewarder of those who earnestly try to find Him.

Therefore, let us throw off every impediment and the entanglement of sin, and run with determination the race for which we are entered, fixing our eyes upon Jesus, our leader and example in faith, who in place of the happiness that belonged to Him, submitted to a cross, caring nothing for its shame.

Whatever happens, flinch from no suffering. The last drops of my own sacrifice are falling; my time to go has come. I have had a part in the great contest, I have run my course, I have kept the faith.

Reckon it nothing but joy, whenever you find yourselves hedged in by various trials. Be assured that the testing of your faith leads to power of endurance. Only let endurance have perfect results, so that you may become perfect and complete, deficient in nothing.

If any one of you is deficient in wisdom, let him ask God, who gives generously to everyone, and does not reproach one with it afterward, and He will give it to him. But he must ask with faith, and without any doubt, for the man

* Used in a staff meeting at headquarters.

who doubts is like the billowing sea, driven and blown about by the wind. Such a man must not expect to get anything from the Lord—an irresolute person like him, who is uncertain about everything he does.

Blessed is the man who endures trial, for when he stands the test he will be given the crown of life, which God has promised to those who love Him. No one should think when he is tempted that his temptation comes from God, for God is incapable of being tempted by what is evil, and He does not tempt anyone. When anyone is tempted, it is by his own desire that he is enticed and allured. Then desire conceives and gives birth to sin, and when sin is mature, it brings forth death. Do not be misled, my dear brothers. Every good gift and every perfect present is from heaven, and comes down from the Father of the heavenly lights, about whom there is no variation, nor the slightest suggestion of change.

For anyone who merely listens to the message without obeying it is like a man who looks in a mirror at the face that nature gave him, and then goes off and immediately forgets what he looked like. But whoever looks at the faultless law that makes men free and keeps looking, so that he does not just listen and forget, but obeys and acts upon it, will be blessed in what he does.

You must not lose your courage—you will need endurance if you are to carry out God's will—for it is written, he whom I accept as righteous will find life through his faith. But if a man draws back my heart can take no pleasure in

him. But we will not shrink back and perish—we will have faith and gain possession of our souls.

Faith means giving substance to what we hope for—it is our conviction about things we do not see.

The Conquest of Death*

Fear not, spirit of man,
I hail thee with tidings of great joy.
Though still I dwell here in the flesh,
Yet do I live and strive
Far beyond the river of death,
Blazing—so it seems to me—a pathway for the race
Through what all ages have thought
A dark and terrible wilderness,
But what in truth is the smiling land of God.

Fear not; there is nothing to be dreaded in death,
Neither for the soul that goes nor for the soul that remains has he aught of terror.
The gasping and the pain are swift overpast,
The anguish of heart changes swift to unspeakable joy,
And there cometh peace unto both in the smiling land of God.

Fear not; for they that love
Are never in earth or heaven to be sundered.
They dwell conjoined, their souls one for evermore.

* This poem was found in a book on the table beside Miss Cratty's bed.

He that is left on this earth
Shall taste the ultimate ecstasy of union
No less than he that is dead.
For in God, who is love, love is perfected
Unto the fusion of will and of personality,
Unto a sacred passion of self-sharing,
Unto a dual unity, resplendent and ineffable.

Fear not, spirit of man,
For death is conquered,
He is tamed, and become our slave.
Unto those who love
He is nought but release from the chains that hold them apart.
He is the herald of freedom,
The triumphant messenger of eternal union.
Death, the breaker down of barriers,
Death, the fuser of the souls of those who have learnt to love,
Death, the dawn of the glory of God.*

Prayer

Our Father, from whom all steadiness and courage come, we rest ourselves upon thy heart of love. Be Thou the constant Companion of our souls, the Strength of our weakness, the Wisdom of our foolishness, the Triumph of our failures, the changeless Unity in our changing days.

* John S. Hoyland.

O Thou who inhabitest eternity,
In the secret of thy Presence,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
In thine unruffled serenity,
Lord, may we abide.

In thy strong patience,
In thy creative power,
In thy tender love,
Lord, may we abide.

O Thou true Vine, of which we are the branches,
In thy purity,
In thy truth,
In thy hope undismayed,
Lord, may we abide.

With Thee in the Upper Chamber,
With Thee in the Garden,
With Thee on Calvary,
Lord, may we abide.

With Thee in the power of thy resurrection,
With Thee in the heavenly places to which Thou art gone,
Lord, may we abide. *Amen.*

CHOIR RESPONSE

From thy love as a Father,
O Lord, teach us to gather

That life will conquer death.
They who seek things eternal
Shall rise to light supernal
On wings of lowly faith. *Amen.*

Closing Sentences

And now abideth faith, hope and love,
And the greatest of these is love.
Follow after love,
For love is the fulfilling of the law.
Lift up your hearts!
We lift them to the Lord.

Hymn

"Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee;
Here at thy feet none other may we see:
"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts today.

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honor may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
"Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!" *Amen.*

Dismissal

Almighty and Everlasting God, who dost enkindle the flame of thy love in the hearts of the Saints, grant unto us the same faith and power, that as we rejoice in their triumphs we may profit by their examples, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us:
The Lord lift up his countenance upon us, and give us peace,
Both now and evermore.

Arise and go in peace.

ON BEING A WOMAN OF GOD

NEW YORK

ON BEING A WOMAN OF GOD

A PRAYER

OUR loving Father, we come together this morning from our work; work which is varied. We come each with her own past—the home, the training, the life which has been hers. We bring with us each her own present—its personal care, its failure, its easy success or its plain and commonplace routine, its grief or its imagined troubles, its happiness or its substitute for happiness. We are women of many interests, moods and minds. Help us to be expectant in our attitude to one another. Deliver us from being respecters of persons so that we are indifferent to what comes to some, though deeply concerned if the same things come to others. Deliver us from fretful complaining about the way things are, from quick acceptance of ideas, plans and solutions without taking into account the trouble they may bring to others; from readiness to lay blame, and from undue regard to our own desires. The things which could unite us are so momentous. Those which keep us apart are so trivial. We would be of one mind, if may be. But of one accord, we can be.

As on the way to Emmaus the hearts of the disciples burned within them, so may we have such a feeling of thy Presence with us. May we have ears to hear, eyes to dis-

cern Thee; understanding hearts! Help us to realize thy nearness. Thou art our Father, and thy fatherly heart must be seeing us as we are, better or worse, as it may be, than we appear to be to each other. Thou seest not only our weaknesses but our wistful impulses to be good, our shy and timid efforts to express those impulses. Forbid that we should by our lack of responsiveness help to make these same impulses in others fruitless. Our Father, help us to be like Thee, touched with a feeling of the infirmities of one another, very kind, very patient—trustful of one another.

Thou knowest how dependent we are upon Thee for release from prejudice, for the spirit of understanding, for love enough to be discerning. We would be more hospitable. Thou dost come in the guise of thy children and we cannot afford to miss thy visitations.

Thou knowest what the strain of our work is, and the weariness of our bodies. Thou knowest how dependent we are upon Thee for wisdom. We turn to Thee, O Giver of life, for release from strain, for new vigor, for thy counsel. We know that in measure as Thou dost dwell in us, we make wherever we are a part of thy Kingdom. As thy disciples of old received new faith and courage to carry on, so may we this day!

We yield all our desires to thy will, and offer our prayer in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

*ON BEING A CHRISTIAN**

WHEN the houses of life of some people have been swept and garnished, one finds that they alone live in them. But most people are not like that, at least not most of the time. In the houses of life of the majority, certain people dwell always. For many these are the members of their family, for others they may be friends outside the family circle. But most of us people our houses of life with those whom it is natural for us to like, either because we were born into the same home with them, or because they are temperamentally congenial to us. In the realm of this group we lose ourselves. We are identified with them, with their joys, their sorrows, all that makes up their lives.

But I take it that this is not being a Christian at all. We have not really begun to follow Christ until we take that attitude toward everyone everywhere. As a matter of fact, we have an habitually stand-off attitude toward many groups and many people. We have decided that we can have no mental or spiritual dealings with them. Our doors are shut. There is separation between us and them. It is we, and they; there is no at-one-ment.

With others there is occasional separation. Someone says something that makes us angry, and we respond to what she has said, rather than to her as a person, to what she is beneath what she said, to what she has been,

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given at the national headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. in 1920.

through all the days she has lived and worked in this house with us. And there is separation. Or someone says that someone else has said something, and a barrier is erected. Our own temperaments separate us from others, the temperament which may be ours on a given day, or that which is a permanent factor. The things that are unlovely in others separate us from them, and those that are unlovely in ourselves.

Not to be separated from others, but to identify ourselves with all those with whom we come in contact, those who work in the same room with us, those to whom we write, those from whom we get disagreeable letters, those about whom we are told unworthy things, exacts struggle and pain of us. We need to use all the spiritual powers at our disposal to achieve this identification with others. We need to set our wills to it. Having once done this, all the spiritual forces rally to our aid.

Who takes one step toward God in dimmest faith
God comes a mile to him in blazing glory.

Prayer is one of the greatest spiritual resources, but we are often too indolent to travel the hard road of prayer. We excuse ourselves by saying that all our work is a prayer. But that is an excuse. Prayer is hard, and not painless, and unless we set our wills to pray we shall not get the support we have a right to expect.

There are devices which help us to identify ourselves with others. When I was a teacher and had stupid or idle or mischievous boys in my classes, I tried to see in their

stead my little brothers, my love for whom, so far as I knew, was without flaw. Now, when I am working with older people, I try to see them as their mothers must see them. Mother love is the nearest to the divine we know. Love is *not* blind. It sees. It is probably the only thing that does see truly. So if I can see people as their mothers see them I am probably seeing them as they really are.

People have a right to expect something different in this building—not to have slackness excused, but to find the support which God Himself can give them only through other human beings.

*OURSELVES AND OUR RELIGION**

WHAT is the meaning of our coming here together tonight? It is because we have the same occupation, profession, vocation—whatever it may mean to each of us; we are subject to the same peculiar awards and penalties; our work gradually seems to shape us after its own model; and by virtue of all these things we have in a way become kin, more so than even blood relationship could make us, in the way we look at life.

In all too many ways, these days, we are being forced to realize how inadequate is our American conception of God. It is more modern, more liberal, than that of other generations—yes; but in so many relations there is evidence that it is far from being such as to make men pros-

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given probably in 1927.

trate themselves before God in the way our fathers understood. This is evidenced in ways such as these:

The fact that *things* are so important to us, as a people, serves to make us spiritually inaccessible.

Many so-called leaders, in their impersonal attitude toward wrong-doers, have become querulous critics.

On the part of the mass of the people there is a live-and-let-live attitude in regard to other peoples of the world. We lack imagination in this. It seems to take an earthquake or a famine to make us realize the people of another land.

Outside of our own place we are restless. This is shown in the phrase "God's country." "I want to get back to God's country."

On the other hand, there has come to be in certain groups almost a cult of groping for something better and higher than this. The very words, "seeking," "searching," "quest," have hard wear, whether expressed in terms of the automobiles along the highways or of people like ourselves, continually seeking more experiences, continually going somewhere. "We seek God." One has a picture of wistful, bewildered, eager faces, with the look of those who seem to feel that they might find God almost anywhere, just so long as they keep moving.

I want to suggest that we think together for a few minutes this evening, as a group of Association secretaries, about our own conception of God. Of what use is it to us? Is it thin and shallow, or has it any ocean depth?

Is it, after all, to be gained by much seeking? Jesus said

that seeking the Kingdom is the process, the means, the determining condition, and that He Himself is the Way. To walk in that Way means, I believe, things such as these:

Losing one's life in the process of pouring it forth steadily, continuously.

Getting some kind of working attitude toward the whole problem of pain. Pain teaches nothing to the coward, and everything to one who faces it.

Someone has said that "there is more pain than we can use," but I am sure that we should use it more, and more; and it is the same with joy. Identify yourselves with those who suffer and with those who rejoice.

Keep, in these ways, close to life. Be an accessible person, not merely to a few chosen people, but to all kinds.

Cease to live too much in the realm of ideas, and apply good will to life. This is the hardest of all, for we are apt to want God as a refuge *from* life.

As a people, it is true that we have no great gift for religion. We are not the stuff of which good contemplatives are made. But we have some capacity for adventuring, for faring along even a thorny and hard-beset road.

Jesus has said that it is along this way that we find God.

*UNITY WITH THE CREATION**

The medieval world was far ahead of the modern world in its sense of the things in which all are at one. But the modern world is more subtle in its sense of the things in which men are *not* at one.—*"St. Francis of Assisi:" Chesterton.*

FAMILIAR words in the vocabulary of aspiring people are, "unity," "fellowship," "understanding," "our common life." Yet, paradoxically, the facts of our modern life create forces which have to be struggled against if we are to secure any of these things. Year by year we are brought closer together by discovery and invention, but held farther and farther apart by an ever-increasing number of spiritual separations. Let me give you a very homely illustration. We like the word "association" in our organization name. Yet that word, that idea, is put to the test again and again by questions such as this: "Can our student or our industrial members afford the kind of Association banquet or luncheon which some of our board members would think it possible to eat?"

If we lived separated lives, with no responsibility for others and no duties to them, if we could shut ourselves away from the touch of other lives upon our own, there would be no difficulty. But we live in society. The whole success of life turns on our ability to adjust the rights of other people to our own.

To Buddhist priests is put the question, Art thou a hu-

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given probably in 1927.

man being? Sometimes, to us, other questions suggest themselves first.

Art thou a critic?—quick to analyze, to estimate, to fathom out this and that.

Art thou an advocate of a cause?—a promoter, busy with a hundred interests.

Art thou a friend of humanity?—caring for the down-trodden, the under dog.

But art thou a human being above all?

We all are respecters of persons to some degree. We dwell in charmed circles, little centers of friendship and understanding. We have our antipathies, our personal sensitiveness, our over-niceness. Differences of taste make us unable to see worth. We sometimes have a language of the head, with which to communicate, but not of the heart.

I want to read you this:

"He handed his lighted pipe to George Fox, saying, 'Come, will you take a pipe of tobacco?'—and added mockingly, 'All is ours.'

" 'But,' says George Fox, 'I looked upon him to be a forward, bold lad, and tobacco I did not take. But it came to my mind that the lad might think I had not unity with the Creation; for I saw he had a flashy, empty notion of religion. So I took his pipe and put it into my mouth and gave it to him again, to stop him, lest his rude tongue should say I had not unity with the Creation.' "

*GIVING AND RECEIVING**

THE celebration, at Christmas time, of the giving of the great Gift, is symbolical and sacramental. It is a time both of gift-giving and gift-receiving. I want us to think this morning about ourselves as receivers of gifts, for I have a feeling that most of us are better givers than receivers.

There are some people to whom we feel that we cannot give anything. We have the impression that they would not want anything we might be able to offer them. Generally speaking, little children are not like that. They do not seem to be deterred from making you a gift, or bringing something to show you, or telling you something, for fear you would not be interested in it. They give. They seem to understand that they themselves are a part of what they give. This summer my little niece showed me a gift she had made for my cousin, who was a guest in her home. It was a little pink paper umbrella, not so very nice, and not so very appropriate as a gift to an elderly lady. Mary recognized all this, but though she was blushing as she went up to offer it, she *went*. If my cousin had been a poor receiver of the gift, unappreciative or insincerely appreciative, the next time that Mary had the impulse to make a gift she would have hesitated. The reason for much withholding of the gifts people might make is because we have not known how to be hospitable to what

* Fragmentary notes from a talk given at the national headquarters, December, 1927.

they have to offer. May we all have, at this Christmas time, the grace of generous receiving.

O Saviour, who in the completeness of thy manhood art still Babe of Bethlehem and Child of Nazareth, restore in me the simplicity I have tampered with, the transparency I have obscured, the childlikeness I have lost, that the shattered fragments of my innocence may be assembled anew in the beauty of thy sanctity; who with the Father and the Holy Ghost art God forever and ever. *Amen.*

A WOMAN OF GOD

THE woman of God is a righteous woman. She is in a state of rightness with God and people. She is straight —not oblique—in her manner of doing things and in her ways of thinking. She is faithful to the very end. She is reliable.

The woman of God is a loving woman. God is love, and his love never fails in extent or amount. We must let ourselves love more people, and love them more. To be specialized in love is human rather than Godlike.

The woman of God is a suffering woman. By suffering God draws nearest to people, and therefore through suffering we draw nearest to God. So long as we touch people who fail, and sin, and suffer, we, if we love them, will suffer too, and share the suffering of God.

The woman of God will be a serene woman. So much

of the time we are volatile, nervous, feverish. The woman of God will live above the level of her temperament and disposition. She will be delivered from fear. She will have courage in the face of life. "They cried unto Jehovah in their trouble. He maketh the storm a calm, and they were glad because they were quiet." The woman of God is serene in the face of whatever life brings. And she will not have the burdened feeling that it rests with her to change the world, but will rather think of her work as part of a great plan. God makes things work together, and we are in a world where God rules. We take away feverishness from the atmosphere which we create if we earn serenity. And we can earn it if we will pay the price.

The woman of God will have creative power in measure as she is a Godlike woman. She will create an atmosphere of which other people will be conscious, in which they will find it easy to live and work, and in which they will find rest, new hope, solace, joy and courage.

She will create ideas. In measure as we travel Godward we shall be able to think better, have quickened imaginations, and new ideas.

The woman of God will have a compelling sense of mission, something that pushes her on and on. We are often too placid, too prone to live and let live. But if we are traveling toward God there will be something aggressive and pioneering about us. What is it that pushes people out on the road of adventure? Is it not a sense of being sent—something so compelling that we cannot stand still? The woman of God will have the attitude of Amos: "I am

no prophet, only a herdsman. But Jehovah picked me up, therefore—"

Why are we not more Godlike? We are not loving enough. We are not serene enough. We are too prone to consume spirit instead of creating it. We do not steadily provide an atmosphere in which people find energy and courage. What can we do to be more Godlike?

We do not get enough silences in our lives. We talk too much and listen too little. Our days are so full of events and our minds so full of things! We have too few open spaces, in which we can get at home with ourselves and so begin our preparation for being at home with God. God is to be found in the crowd and in the hearts of men, but also in the still small voice. We are not to do less of finding Him in the crowd, but more of finding Him in the silence.

We need to yield more often to the mood of worship when it steals over us. We are so busy that we run on to the next thing and the mood comes less and less often. Do not let busy-ness crowd out the mood of worship which the sight of a little child, the sound of music, the look on someone's face may bring. These may be the natural channels through which we are to receive a gift that day.

We need, too, to do deliberately the things which will help to develop in us the sense of the invisible and the unseen. Mystics and Irish find that very easy; practical folk and Americans find it hard. We need to set our wills courageously to cultivate a sense of what is just beyond our sight.

We need to gird ourselves to face life. We are too prone to play hide and seek with it, to fear experience and shy off from it.

We need to know as many people, and as many different kinds of people, in our community and our age as we can, and to love as deeply as possible as many people as possible.

We shall be helped by making habitual use of some great book of the soul, as for example, the *Confessions of St. Augustine,* or the *Meditations of Amiel.* And the Bible is the greatest of all books of the soul.

We need to spend more time in prayer, meditation, in conscious communion with God.

More than all these, and in them all, we need to learn to know Christ who reveals God to us, to live a Christo-centric life instead of an ego-centric life. Do we hold to the thought of Jesus Christ as the very central fact of our life? Then and then only does He become for us the final reality, more real than all other persons. We walk through our days in the abiding sense of his presence. God becomes our Father. And as God is love, in measure as we come to know Him, so are we constrained to love to the uttermost. We are drawn out, pulled away, from self. Our life is in others, the many whomsoever we meet; there will be no respect of kinds or types of persons. While we follow this course, circumstances, conditions, things, matter little. We may even exult in difficulty, knowing as we do that it produces fortitude; fortitude, ripeness of character; and ripeness of character, hope; and that this hope

never disappoints, because God's love for us floods our hearts. The woman of God is one who associates with Christ, who sets herself to follow on to know Him, and so finds life, and so finds God.

"This is really to live, to know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

A PRAYER

WE believe that we are in the presence of the Most High. We are abased before Thee, O our God! If Thou didst keep account of our sins of thinking about ourselves, of our failures to see past appearances into the hearts of others, of our fear of living, how could we approach Thee?

But we have been led to trust in Thee as our Father, and life has taught us that the hearts of even our earthly fathers were always in an attitude of forgiveness. Therefore we can lift up our faces unto Thee. We are a company of women needing thy help. We have work which makes us very accessible to temptation to use personal power; to let praise and blame mean too much; to take ourselves too seriously. Wilt Thou use our being together at this time as a means to panoply us for resistance to these temptations in the times ahead of us? We would prize our opportunities for being useful to all the forces and processes which lead to the coming of thy Kingdom on earth. Help each of us to see our work as so given of God that we dare

not any of us think of our part as small, or miss thy visitation by despising thy gift of a place in which to work. We would be so of one mind and one heart in this place as to make it possible for Thee to do thy miracle of helping us to see what the Young Women's Christian Association might become as a force for purifying, ennobling and enriching the life of our generation. *Amen.*

THE FINE PROFESSION OF BEING A LAYWOMAN

THE FINE PROFESSION OF BEING A LAYWOMAN

*MISS DODGE IN RELATION TO THOSE WITH WHOM SHE WORKED**

MISS DODGE for more than thirty years worked in and through large organizations, yet she kept the personal touch. The same words, from the lips of many very different people and in letter after letter—"she was my best friend"—are truly startling evidence of this. So rare it is that the ability to do one well does not seem to qualify the ability to do the other, that there is this very particular reason for interest in her ways of working.

I knew her for ten years. For eight of them she was president of a board and I its executive secretary—tame words which suggest a flat and joyless course. But instead, it has been a long road of happy adventure. She made it so. And at this turning point in the road, as I look back through the years, I find it is the personal relationship and debt which are the most vivid of all its experiences. I am among those who are saying, "This has been my best friend."

The first impression I received of Miss Dodge was of wonder at the way in which she was willing to take a per-

* Written in January, 1915.

son on faith, and the wonder abides still. Women and men whom she could not herself select were put into positions of importance in organizations for whose direction she was responsible. She began her relationship with them by assuming that their purposes and their abilities were adequate for their tasks; her faith in them was not a passive thing but an activity, and, in view of the limitations of some of us, an achievement. Without doubt it roused and called forth inert powers in many and made the impossible for them possible. Nor was this belief in people simply for the time or for the occasion. Her trust lasted.

She had a sheltering mind. Many a time have I seen the lines of anxiety smooth out of faces when she came unexpectedly into a committee meeting. To every person conscious of sharp differences of opinion or of alien points of view, there was refuge in her presence. She was certain to understand. In the spacious roominess of her mind there was shelter for the opinions of all. Her hospitable spirit entertained them. And this was not that she was all things to all men in any easy-going desire to please and agree. It was rather that she had a mind and a heart so large that with the eyes of her mind she saw ahead and around the views that many of us took, and her heart had room for everything but prejudice.

She was a very hopeful person, and this hopefulness created an atmosphere in which it was easy to work. There was always zest, enthusiasm; things were full-flavored.

The good cheer which radiated from Miss Dodge was the more appealing that it did not have its source in illusion. She seemed to hope in spite of what she often saw in the foreground. Long before I knew her, she had become rich in stored-up experience. Much of it, as became clear from the things she told me, she had bought at a heavy price. But it was yielding her a steady reward in many ways, not least in a fixed habit of looking beyond the immediate present and in an unshakable belief that things do work together for good. And so she was uniformly expectant and cheerful.

She was a dreamer of dreams, a seer of visions, and, like all prophets, she knew what it was to miss the understanding of those to whom she came. She was used to meeting doubt, criticism, unbelief, even amusement, in regard to her plans, and it had a certain effect in making her reticent about them, and timid and apologetic in speaking of her own ideas. Though it affected her purpose not at all, only once in a while did she let herself go and venture to describe what she saw in the future—that which she hoped for and worked for. I remember her vividly at one such time. It was in the very first days of our own work, at a board meeting. She talked very freely about her hopes for the future of the Association; of extending its usefulness, turning it to account in other fields of endeavor than those at that time conventionally assumed its own; of lifting the standard of its employed workers to that of a profession, which women would eagerly seek; she even spoke, in passing, of a national headquarters building such as we now

occupy, and how inevitable would be the need for such, sooner or later. As I recall it, there was nothing to indicate that what she said was taken very seriously, or indeed that we did more than listen politely. Only one person said anything at all—"That is a beautiful dream, Miss Dodge."

And Miss Dodge?—in an instant she had drawn back and was busy with the immediate concerns of our meeting, as if almost asking pardon for a foolish flight of fancy, timid, and diffident of her own ideas. But for all that, I remember this because of something that she said later. A week afterward, I was driving with her on Morningside Heights. As we came along Broadway, past the great block which is filled with the buildings of Teachers College, she looked up at them with the remark, "I dreamed that once."

Her sense of responsibility was absolute. She always stood by. For her, to assume an office was to carry all the obligations the office might impose upon her, whether expected or not.

She faced things. The superb courage with which she met unexpected issues and difficulties was no transient power called forth by the demand. She had known she might have to have that courage when she put her hand to the task in the first place, and she simply drew upon the resources which had seemed to her then to justify her in taking up the work at all.

In strange contradiction to this courage was her distrust of her own powers, her diffidence in regard to her own

opinions. She was truly humble. She had a great taste for detail, was keenly interested in processes—yet she never dictated what a program should be and made very few suggestions.

She listened sympathetically, praised generously, and offered her unfailing gift of faith in the outcome. It was probably this same modesty that prevented her from giving us advice. She never preached. She was very prompt—punctual to the very moment. She had to be, to carry the volume of work she did. Yet I do not recall once to have heard her either beg or demand promptness of any of us. One day last week I met a fellow worker at the door of our building, as I started out to take a car for a meeting in a downtown office. At the elevator in the building where the meeting was to be held, we met two other secretaries from our office, who had come by another way. The four sat in the office waiting till some minutes past the time set for the meeting to begin. When the chairman appeared, it was with the remark, "You are always ahead of us—how do you manage it?" This was how: In all the eight years we had worked with Miss Dodge, no board meeting, no committee meeting of which she had charge, had ever begun late or dragged beyond the time it was to have closed. It would be strange indeed if, as a group, we had not acquired some special habits of promptness and some new sense of time.

Her patience was such as to surround her with a kind of serenity, which made working with her a restful occupation. Being an impulsive person, as she still was, she must

have had to learn how to wait. But she had learned. She thought and worked in terms of the years.

Her patience with the people, with us, who worked with her, was almost incredible. She was very methodical, following a fixed, daily program into which her engagements were fitted with clocklike precision. Of course this was a demand and a condition of the amount of work she did and the number of people she was able to know, but it was her instinct as well. Yet she worked happily, with no show of irritation, with people who were procrastinating, indefinite, unsystematic.

The explanation is not hard to find. She was not willing or able to work with any except as with friends. And being her friends, they were as they were. And, after all, is not this the explanation of the paradox mentioned in the first sentence of this paper? An organization was never an organization to Miss Dodge. To her it was a company of her friends.

*THE QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP AS REVEALED IN MISS DODGE**

CERTAIN qualities of leadership were probably always true of Miss Dodge. Others she achieved. The attitudes of soul and mind which she probably had always were these:

Intrinsic unselfishness. The thing I remember most

* Notes from a talk given in 1916.

often about Miss Dodge is the way she instantly lost herself in the cause of the person to whom, or about whom, she was talking, or of whom she was being told. When she was told of something lovely a person had done or said she would be absolutely lost in the thought of that lovely action or word. The average person is usually made rather gloomy by such a tale, wishes she were like that, and thus cuts the nerve of the very thing that would make her so. Or the average person, if told of trouble, is apt to say, "That reminds me of my own trouble," or "I have had worse than that." Miss Dodge became so absorbed in the person or object to which she was giving her attention that the whole centering of her life was in that person or that object. Self did not come into her mind at all. This is the attainment of the truly great.

Deep humility. Miss Dodge had essentially the learner's attitude of mind. She always felt that she could not lead. This attitude and her deep unselfishness were continually at war with one another. I think this is the case with all great leaders. In the great majority of cases the best leadership is unconscious. Miss Dodge asked a question much oftener than she made an assertion. Her attitude was one of wistful wondering whether something she suggested might be a good thing. She had a great fear of imposing her desire, her will, even her vision, on other people.

A great sense of responsibility. To carry to the end a responsibility which she had assumed, whatever it might involve, was a point of honor with Miss Dodge. Any task

growing out of a responsibility she had undertaken was not a thing which could be chosen or not chosen; to accept it was simply honorable. There was no "time off" to her sense of responsibility. It was beneath her to take any responsibility lightly, no matter how small it was.

Willingness to accept drudgery. No leadership is worthy of the name which does not imply that nine-tenths of the leader's time is spent on things that often seem unimportant. Some of the choicest of the world's lessons can be learned only through drudgery. We often fail to learn them because of our wrong sense of proportion. A secretary wrote me not long ago that she did not want to spend all her life getting on little trains, traveling a few miles and getting off again, eating at lunch counters here and there. But the opportunity to give the Word of Life never comes except as a by-product of hours and hours of drudgery. At a time that we know not, when we least expect it, the opportunity comes—and comes only out of the midst of drudgery. We are apt to think that great people must be saved for great things. But no one is able to do great things unless she is doing the things we call drudgery, "dealing with causes instead of out on the rim."

The qualities of leadership which Miss Dodge achieved, which were results, not inborn, were these:

Sensitiveness of perception. Such sensitiveness is utterly remote from self-centered sensitiveness, the chief characteristic of which is getting one's feelings hurt. Hers was a sensitiveness which instantly, *always,* thought of how the other person felt before she thought of how she herself felt.

Leadership always fails if it fails at that point. To the degree that a person lets herself indulge in hurt feelings, just so far does she fail in leadership. Miss Dodge instinctively put herself in the place of other people. To the degree that a person is able to do that, just so far is she able to lead others.

A spirit of hopefulness. We must always use "tools that are worn out long after they are ready to go into the scrap heap." It takes a perennially hopeful spirit to have plans broken and shattered again and again, and to be able to pick up the pieces and make a new plan. Miss Dodge achieved a chronic spirit of hopefulness. I cannot conceive of her hope failing, or imagine her ever saying, "I have given up hope of this person, or that this can be done." Such hopefulness is an achievement.

Immense faith in other people. Without this it is impossible to lead anyone. It is the richest reward of work with others. No matter how hopeless a person might seem, Miss Dodge kept a childlike, spontaneous belief in him or her, even after many things had happened which made it hard to maintain such faith. She loved us after the fashion of our mothers, who saw in us that which we might become, but which we were not.

Vision. God gives this to us if we meet his tests. There is a chastening of temper that comes of being faithful and loving, and doing drudgery; a refining of spirit which makes the mind a better instrument. Our moral and spiritual stature *can* grow, and somehow grace does refine our mental powers. Goodness makes us more effective men-

tally. A strong and victorious soul undoubtedly sees more and sees farther than a weak and unconquering soul. We achieve largeness of vision because we have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision.

Faithfulness to vision. To say that you are not big enough to do the work you are asked to do usually means either lack of faith in the people who ask you to do it, or lack of courage, or lack of faith that God will give you the power you need. Miss Dodge was humble to the point of being deprecating. She led because she saw something that had to be achieved, and she became completely lost in a cause. She had a sense of message that never flickered. It was as steady as the succession of hours and days.

*MISS DODGE AS A BUILDER**

Do we seem nowadays to take the builders for granted? Great buildings rise and we occupy them; cities become and we live in and through them; institutions are formed and we use them. But popular interest and sympathy seem to be with the reformers instead of with the formers. The critic is surely having his day, and doubtless it is well. It will be a bad day for us when his voice is silent. I sat with a group some time ago, met to consider a program which had been built with painstaking care upon a foundation of years of thorough-going acquaintance with the subject in hand. Two hours were spent in cutting here,

* Written in December, 1916.

changing there, expressing disapproval, casting parts aside. In the end the program was not greatly changed, yet there was no acclaim for the maker of it, so far as anything I heard would indicate. We seemed to take her for granted. The interest was in the wisdom of this suggestion to change or of that suggestion to eliminate. And no one seemed to think it strange that it should be so.

At the end of ten years of our work together as a national Association and of the National Board's attempt to serve the Association, we have an institution. Something has been built. I can think of no one who could by any possibility be more sensitive to its faults than was she who has been its chief architect. It came so far short of what she envisaged it. For Miss Dodge's greatest gift to any undertaking in which she had a part was, without any doubt, her power of imagination. She saw. But she was also a builder. The Association needs the sympathetic criticism of its own people. It can be debtor, too, to the less generous judgment, sometimes, of people outside. But it needs even more people whose work builds; to have these same ideas, which are the basis for criticism and a reason for reform, built into the institution as it is in the making.

With the new year we begin a new period. To those of us who have been with the National Board through the ten years, the memory of Miss Dodge—in those days of beginnings—is very vivid. The things she said, the things she did, the very way she looked—how they come back! She yet speaks. Will it be a fresh inspiration to think a little about how she worked, to realize that which she her-

self dreamed and that which others had trusted her to bring to pass?

First of all, she was absolutely reliable. She stayed by whatever she had any responsibility for. If one would have her ideas contributed or her point of view taken into account, she must be there at the moment when they can factor.

Then Miss Dodge had a tremendous sense of responsibility for the many. It would have been impossible for her to be content to do little. I cannot imagine her taking any particular satisfaction in the building of a small house for a few, if at the same time she knew many who were left unhoused. And so with an institution—she felt the compulsion to build big. It was not that she so particularly enjoyed the process itself.

She was constructive. It is an overworked word these days, but not because it is a common quality. Her ideas tended to take form—they grew. She always added instead of subtracting. She hesitated to destroy; she could not analyze; she never indulged in the institution and character dissection of which there is so much these days. With her to object was an obligation to suggest. She was content to work long upon foundations; she realized that a superstructure ordinarily goes up very fast.

Nothing was common or uninteresting that needed to be done. One of my earliest recollections of Miss Dodge was a letter received in the American Committee office when I first worked there, enclosing a check which she asked to have credited to "running expenses." People

have had the privilege of paying "running expenses" thrust upon them. This woman chose to do it, to buy the bricks that were rejected by others.

She was perfectly aware that there is a large amount of drudgery in any work that really builds—and she did much of it. As I think of her, I remember her at work chiefly upon the things which are not seen—which do not show.

When all is said, to build is to create something. And to be able to create is to be in some very real sense a partaker in faith with God. Miss Dodge was a woman of mighty faith. And God could use her. Like a wise master-builder, she worked to lay foundations. It is for others to build upon them.

May we take heed how we build.

*THE FINE PROFESSION OF BEING A LAYWOMAN**

PROBABLY there is no way of knowing how often, in some eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute of distressful circumstance, it is the fact that she is an employed person that has kept many a secretary on her job. At the time, she is in no position or mood to give much consideration to her conscious motives, much less to delve into the shadowy regions of her unconscious ones. In retrospect, it is but natural to lose sight of the tincture of outside compulsion

* Written in May, 1921.

which may have been mixed into the clear purity of her sense of vocation. And yet one cannot escape a misgiving that at just this point she misses one of the crucial tests of the completeness of her devotion to her calling. With the layworker it is not so. Her sense of commitment is less fostered by external enforcements. She finds others willing to excuse her. The real test is in whether she can find excuse for herself.

How many times I have heard Miss Dodge say the words, "My wages were earned in advance." It was her quaint way of saying that she was a work-woman, a laborer worthy of hire; that she submitted herself to the same demands, restrictions and standards which might be set for those who were employed, with whom she might, in any relation, be working.

She seemed to have found the answer to some of the questions which puzzle so many women these days when the need for home makers and home keepers is so great, while at the same time the very possibility of making homes seems to depend on one's willingness to carry her share of the community's housekeeping.

Do duties inside and outside the home conflict? Miss Dodge would say they do not. Which responsibilities come first, or what are the determining factors in all decisions as to use of time, energy and money? Miss Dodge would say there are no firsts or seconds or lasts in responsibilities. Once assumed, no one of them can be allowed to give way to another in the long run of events. Can a responsibility be shifted at will? Miss Dodge would say

it cannot. The acceptance of responsibility imposes obligation to carry through.

To one interested in the dignifying and standardizing of part-time work, Miss Dodge revealed what might be called a technique of volunteer working. Someone has said that she had a professional attitude toward her work, whatever it was she might be doing. To me that seems just what she did not have. It was a part of the charm of her ways of working that they were so free from the stereotyped attitude toward one's work which is so often the accompaniment of giving one's whole time to one thing. Her work was so entirely devoid of official gesture or shibboleths of any kind whatsoever. Yet she had acquired a craft, a skill, an expertness, which earned her the right to be called a master-worker. She was never hurried, never late, never truant. One of the busiest women I have known, she knew what real leisure was.

Miss Dodge was a woman of affairs, the head of a large household noted for its continuous hospitality. She was concerned in large undertakings, business, educational, civic. She held office in many organizations, yet she was the simplest, most approachable, most informal, most friendly person, accessible to any who wished to see her.

Someone will say, "Yes, that is all possible for Miss Dodge, but my situation is different because I have children." When I first knew Miss Dodge, her mother was living, an invalid, and Miss Dodge was under pledge to herself never to be away from her mother longer than three hours at a stretch. But at that time she was en-

gaged also in all this multifarious official and friendly endeavor. Somebody else will say, "Yes, that might all be possible for Miss Dodge, but my situation is different because I haven't money." It is true that Miss Dodge had money, but it seemed rather to be the measure of the volume of her activities than the explanation of her ability to be on time, unhurried, always to be counted upon.

Undoubtedly Miss Dodge had an instinct for orderliness and thoroughness. She was an indefatigable worker and methodical to a degree. But this fact does not seem to me to be very much of the explanation of her standards and habits of work. I find the explanation rather in her sense of responsibility. To assume an obligation was in the nature of a sacrament to her. Again and again in times of crisis and trial I have seen her meet the issue with courage and serenity. She could not be taken unaware, for such a contingency had been assumed in the taking of the obligation. Having put her hand to the plough, it was not in her to turn back nor slip away at the side of the furrow. She might need to make fresh adjustments of this duty to that. She might need to suffer the wrench incident to reconstructing her thinking in a growing world; inevitably she would have to draw always more and more deeply upon the sources of strength and courage. But none of these things could excuse her from a task assumed. For to her it was not something to do, a pastime. It was something to which she had been called by indications which had come to be proof to her that the call was to be heeded. Having made an engage-

ment with herself, she took upon herself an obligation. Rewards or exactions were as they might be. Time and energy and power must be found. They could be found. The call of the inner voice which she was wont to obey was pledge of that.

*MISS DODGE**

SOME scriptures which suggest Miss Dodge:

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great tree in a weary land."

"We who are strong ought to bear the burdens that the weak make for themselves and us. We are not to please ourselves. Each of us must please his neighbor."

"The wisdom that is from above is first of all pure, then peaceable, courteous; willing to yield, full of compassion and kind actions, free from favoritism and from all insincerity. And peace for those who strive for peace is the seed of which the harvest is righteousness."

"It is a cheerful giver that God loves, and God is able to bestow every blessing upon you in abundance, so that richly enjoying all sufficiency at all times you may have ample means for all good works. As it is written, He has scattered abroad; He has given to the poor; his almsgiving remains forever."

"But the harvest of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, good

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given in 1923 to the national Y. W. C. A. staff on Miss Dodge's birthday, May 21.

temper, kindness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control. There is no law against those who practise these."

In his book, *Presence,* Bishop Brent tells us:

"Love is, in its supreme triumphs, volitional rather than emotional. It creates affinities out of antagonisms, friends out of enemies, presences out of absences. Nothing can loosen the grasp of love on a presence which it wills to retain. . . . The greater a man is, the greater his power of presence—not as an echo or an influence, but as a person; not as one who lived but as one who lives."

There are some here to whom Miss Dodge is a name, an honored name. There are some to whom she is a beloved memory. And there are some to whom she is a living presence, as real, as near, as vivid, as we are to one another here today.

When we came to this place this morning, on the train or subway or bus, we traveled with some who are living what we call "the eternal life," and with some who are not. "And this is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Because Miss Dodge lived this kind of life she is still here, her presence is a spiritual fact. I recognize it, and realize it. And so I want to make you see her.

Sometimes, especially toward the end of the year, some hard things are said about this place. Some of you want refuge from its feverish atmosphere. Some want refuge from something more specific, their fear of the disdain of others, of the tendency to sit in judgment, to arrive at an estimate and to state that estimate. There are not enough

persons who are a refuge. Miss Dodge was. There was shelter in her very presence. When she came into a meeting the tension was lowered. She habitually dwelt in a larger world than that in which many of us live. And she took us into that larger world, so that she never met some of us as we know each other. She was a *gentle woman.* I never heard her say a sharp thing.

When some of you say hard things in relation to others of you, it is my part to listen to both sides. At such times I rest heavily for support on the forces of good and peace and light that are here. Against the scolding, the irritating, the indifferent and the rude I place the good purpose of even the trying ones, the lovingness of the victorious, and the invisible presences, such as Miss Dodge.

ON WORKING TOGETHER

ON WORKING TOGETHER

*A WISE MASTER-BUILDER**

A WORD often upon the lips in voicing the demand of these times is "constructive." Thus one is described as a constructive thinker or another decried as not a constructive worker. I wonder if we stop to think, when we apply it, of what the right to such a phrase has cost one who has earned it.

There have been those who, standing apart and looking on, have seemed to think that the reason an administrator does not always or usually do the immediate service or the personal one is that she does not want to, or that she is unfitted for giving personal service, or even that she enjoys the manipulation of large machinery for its own sake. I talked with a man entrusted with large responsibilities and weighed down with heavy burdens, who looked sadly at others doing the kind of work, personal work, which had once filled his days and made them glad, and musing he said to himself, "I no longer have the time, and it may be —I have lost the power." He was paying a part of the price. But the thing to note is that he once *had* done the personal work, and it is safe to say that no woman is going to be asked to occupy a place which requires the administration of service unless she has proved her ability to real-

* Written in December, 1910.

ize need in the large, by first having realized it in more individual contact. There have been others who have assumed that the indispensable equipment for doing constructive or foundation work is a mental qualification which makes it inevitable that certain people should do it, because "their minds work that way."

It is to have the mind whose eye sees far into the future, sees the end from the beginning, sees the work whole. It is to have a sense for proportion which can distinguish essentials from non-essentials, which can estimate relative values—what things are first, what things must wait; which can weigh demand or need against demand or need and with unerring judgment seize upon the opportunity that will not come again. It is to have ability to correlate, ability to focus. These and others are qualities of mind which are supposed to constitute the ability to build wisely. But how many realize that it is moral fiber which is the essential if one would become an efficient administrator, or remember that these powers are a purchase, paid for by drawing upon the resources of grace? There must be a continuous paying out of energy expended in bringing together different people and their different work and ways of working—for good not only to the work as a whole but to the workers as individuals. There must be that burning sense of individual worth which hesitates to sacrifice any person to a movement, even though the end be delayed. There is the spirit of adventure which makes one willing to take risks, the spirit of self-abnegation which lets one put herself in places where it is almost inevitable that she

will commit blunders, the spirit of courage which enables her bravely to meet the real issues, the unselfish spirit which makes her care infinitely more that things should get done than that she should do them.

She must learn the sacrifice of the middle road; she must maintain the right attitude to praise and blame, must live much in the uncomfortable company of her own self-questionings, must for the most part find her joy in the vision of the structure to rise in the future. Her sense of humor must be infectious, her enthusiasm contagious; her patience dare not be intermittent, and her love must not fail.

*ON BEING A LEADER**

He gave some to be apostles, some to be prophets, some to be evangelists, some to shepherd and to teach, and some to be administrators.

I CAN think of no more relevant text for our consideration, as employed officers of the Young Women's Christian Association, than the words I have just quoted. "He gave some to be administrators." For this should be our divine commission too. I believe firmly that Association work succeeds or fails just to the extent to which we are good administrative officers. So I desire to talk on some of the things which seem to me to be involved in successfully discharging the office of administration, since

* These notes give the substance of Miss Cratty's talks on leadership to groups of secretaries over a period of years.

whatever may be her position, the secretary has a responsibility for administration, in some sense and of some sort.

And what do I mean by administration? The insuring that there is movement, that the movement is for progress, and that the path of it in the Association is in terms of a fellowship of people, working together in ever more inclusive groups, toward continually enlarging and ever-receding ends.

Where does the leadership come in? It is by the way, beside the purpose, incidental. Real leadership is a result, a fruit, a grace of character, something earned, something always growing, and never quite achieved. Like all graces of character, it does not come by observation. We do not get it by seeking for it. I suppose it is not too much to say that as long as we desire it it eludes us. Only as we have ceased to care for it does it begin to grow within us.

Such an interpretation of the term leadership differs fundamentally from some of the conventional uses of the word. The more usual idea of a leader is that of one who is a dominant person, who goes ahead while others follow, who gives directions which others carry out, who stimulates and manages the doings of others, even doing much of their thinking for them. That we are not wholly free from this idea of leadership shows in some of the expressions which creep into our statements, such as "developing the volunteer," "training the board," "managing the staff," and the use of the possessive pronoun "my" in referring to a board or a committee.

The Young Women's Christian Association secretary is

called upon to be a leader, but not to be a commander. Our calling, our appointment, is to bear a responsibility. That responsibility is technically that of being an administrator. To administer is not to teach or preach, or even to shepherd, so much as to insure that all of these are done. It is not to drag or drive, cajole or command a group, but rather to insure that more and more of the members of a club or Association work together, each contributing, each receiving. It is not to make programs, or to conceive plans, or even to dream dreams and see visions, so much as to insure that the dreams and visions of others reach the earth, and become plans and programs, and that these plans and programs get loose from the brains which worked them out, and from the paper on which they were written, and become deeds, multiplying activities, institutions and *life*. The final test of an administrative officer's success is that it is increasingly possible to get along without her.

Good administrators are not born. They *become,* if they meet certain conditions and pass certain tests. The mental powers and spiritual resources which are essential factors in the ability to administer well are earnings, moral victories of the will or spirit. They are not God-given but are acquired by those who are willing to pay the price of administration. In anticipation we *are* willing. We all desire to meet the costs. The difficulty is that so often when we arrive at the moment when our bill is to be collected we have not the wherewithal in our hands. Father Tyrell says: "Most attainment depends upon just the one

thing we will not do, the one sacrifice we will not make. We will do anything else, something much harder perhaps in itself, but not that. We want to pay off a continual tax by paying down a lump sum. We want to do something violent that can be gotten over and done with, some big austerity that will purchase for us an exemption from the natural consequences of our action. We come up to the very moment when the test occurs and, all unprepared, we refuse the bill."

When I was a teacher of Latin I used to study ways to teach Latin grammar so as to make it attractive to boys and girls, and as a consequence I am very much interested in the subjunctive mood. If there is one thing that I am continually on the watch for it is the misuse of cause and result. Anyone who has taught Latin will know what I mean.

I believe that any woman who has come into her position by a right process can be a successful secretary in the Young Women's Christian Association if she is willing to pay the price. It is an organizing office, and being such, it presupposes commitment to the processes which result in the development of powers of organization. It means the willingness to sacrifice the pleasure of dealing in particulars, and of indulging in the too specific. It means being content to deal, much of the time, with the many, and in groups, rather than with individuals.

More specifically, there are conditions to be met, tests to be faced. Of fundamental importance are the conditions to be met in advance of accepting a call to a position. Has

the position sought you, not you it? Has there been some response to it from the very deeps of your being? Has your acceptance of it been approved by some disinterested or dispassionate person, that is, someone who is equally interested in the position and in you? If anyone has met these conditions she is obligated to show respect to the decision thus reached. If a secretary says that she wants to leave a position after working in it only one year, it seems pretty clear either that she came into that place by a wrong process or that she is being disrespectful to the decision reached by a right process. How often we hear a place described as "a perfectly impossible situation." There is only one answer to make to that. If a situation is impossible, how is it going to be made possible? By being left by every secretary who goes there? It will become possible only as some secretary does her part in making it so. Why should I not be that person, pay that price, as well as someone else? To yield to the temptation to be disrespectful to the process through which we came to a position, to be unwilling to face what we find ourselves up against, and to say, "This place is not for me," is to dishonor ourselves. But granted that a secretary has come into a place by the right process, whether that place is "possible" or "impossible," and that she is going to be brave enough to do her part, I believe any woman can be a successful administrative officer in the Young Women's Christian Association if she is willing to pay the price of meeting certain moral tests.

What are some of these tests? The first one certainly is

whether one is willing to face the real issues of her particular job. There is a perennial temptation to play hide and seek with them. Sometimes the issue is a person, sometimes a combination of circumstances, sometimes a bad past, sometimes a mistrust of someone, sometimes a question of relationships, the wrong attitude of one person to another. We are so anxious to win the confidence of the people with whom we have to prevail that we are tempted to avoid all issues. And if we avoid them continuously, one after another, in time we lose the habit of facing issues. There is no more searching moral test than this. The moment of recognition of an issue may not be, usually is not, the moment in which to deal with it. But it is the moment to recognize it and lay it upon one's conscience to see that it is met.

A second test is the willingness to take risks. Women have for a long time consoled themselves for lack of courage by the thought that they were meant to be the natural conservers of the race. We have not hazarded enough, and so have not accomplished enough. We cannot be sure of enlarging opportunity unless we are willing to take risks. We must have some spirit of adventure.

We must be willing, too, to shoulder the burden of the exceptional, the irregular, even the lawless, if power can be thus set free. We like so much to have things shipshape and going smoothly! We are so pleased when someone rises and says her little speech just as we would have had her say it, and when someone else does her part just as we would have had her do it, and another puts in her oar just

at the right point. But when this occurs, nothing at all may be taking place except what we ourselves have planned and made happen. We are sometimes almost tempted to keep out people who may disturb the even tenor and the gentle progress of our ways. A new person coming on a committee may be a perfect bull in a china shop, and turn things all upside down. There is usually a choice between comfort and its boon companion dullness, and discomfort with some originality with it.

Another test is the willingness to put ourselves voluntarily into situations where it is almost certain that we shall commit blunders. That takes courage. We seem to blunder often enough, without deliberately putting ourselves into situations where we know we shall make mistakes! And a self-conscious person so dreads blundering. It is a very subtle temptation to many of us to say, "I am not big enough." But to say this is less often a sign of humility than of lack of courage.

Whether we are willing to assume the burden of crude and unfinished work is another test. It is hard to let others do things which we could perhaps do much more easily. We would find it easier to take it out of their hands and do it ourselves. In that respect we must be teachers, not taking the pencils out of the children's hands but letting them use them themselves, however stumblingly, that they may learn. It is an even harder test, especially for people who have a natural instinct for thoroughness, to be willing to let their own work be below their standards. If we love to do things well it is hard to be

willing to do crude work, to be always touching things with clumsy hands, to forego the possibility of being an artist. To get up and speak at a moment's notice, and do it poorly, is not pleasant. But we cannot get off in a corner and let big things go by in order to do a particular thing very well. Nor can we refuse to do a thing because we cannot do it according to our standards; that would be very selfish, very self-centered.

Then there is the right attitude toward praise and blame. A hypersensitive person cannot do a large piece of administrative work successfully. We may use our minds in respect to praise and blame, but not our hearts. If we can have an impersonal attitude toward them, both praise and blame are good teachers. Kipling calls them imposters, but they are not imposters if we do not stay with them too long. I think "forsaking the things that are behind" can be better applied to praise and blame than almost anything else. Don't remember that for which you have been blamed for more than a day, or that for which you have been praised more than fifteen minutes. Praise gives a fillip to a meal, but it is very poor food. Nothing is more dangerous than to acquire the habit of absorbing praise, and feeding on our successes. Blame is a good deal the same way. We ought to get the juice out of it and then forget it. Too much attention to it is a sign of self-centeredness.

Still another test is the ability to make the sacrifice of taking the middle road. That is a very hard thing to do if a person is either radical or conservative in temperament.

There was a time when I thought it was morally wrong to walk in the middle of the road, if I thought I saw a light a little to one side. I believe now that the light really is, as a rule, for the guidance of those in the middle of the road, and the only way to get much steady progress is to have the middle of the road well filled with people who see ahead. The conservative's idea of progress is more of what *is,* rather than something different. And the radical is apt to be too separate from the rest of the procession to be able to take them along. The middle of the road means the willingness to compromise on your program. It does not mean willingness to compromise on your principles.

The degree to which we are willing to sacrifice program is a good test. I suppose the average general secretary or department director is never able to carry out her day's program as she planned it. I do not think I have ever done so. A good deal of that is doubtless my own fault, but a good deal is due to the nature of my work. The degree of democracy in any organization is about in proportion to our willingness to sacrifice program.

A secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association must exemplify in herself the Christian ideal in her attitude toward the individual. She must have such a burning, unquenchable sense of the worth of the individual in every relation and situation as shall make it impossible for her ever to be in the mood of willingness to sacrifice the ultimate good of any individual. Are we eternally possessed by the sense of the needs of individuals?

Next, never, never be thrifty in the amount of nervous vital energy you are willing to use in helping people to work together. Never begrudge time spent on that. Suppose you have the work of the day planned out, and have a very important thing to do, which it seems must be done that day, and then you find that you must take a whole period of that carefully planned day to help minds which are quite apart to arrive at some common focus. Are you tempted to feel that this is not what you were employed to do? To me our work is just that. Such an experience epitomizes the task of the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association. We must be spendthrifts in the amount of spiritual energy we are willing to contribute to enabling people to work together. Virtue must go out of us.

It is a part of our responsibility as administrative officers to be producers of spirit. In any situation there are almost sure to be some people who consume spirit voraciously. There is the person of an opaque temperament. She does the day's work. She is not interested in anyone else's work or in anyone else. She does not want to think of work before nine or after five. She is eager to get away from it as soon as possible. Then there is the person who is "blue." She casts a terrible pall over the particular section of the building where she is, and a cloud over the entire place. Someone else has to overproduce on cheerfulness. Then there is the person who has no norm. You never know what to expect from her or how to take her. We sometimes say, slangily, that a given place has enough oil to

keep the machinery moving. If it has, it is because some people are producing enough spirit to make up for that which is being consumed, and are thus making an atmosphere in which people can work together.

Another test is whether we have a constant passion for the development of our peers. Every secretary bears some relation to someone else, the general secretary to the board and staff, the department secretary to the committee and other department workers. We are responsible for furnishing such conditions under which others work that they can develop into more than we can ever be or become. General secretaries especially should, I believe, no matter at what expense to themselves, make it their special responsibility to develop the powers of their fellow workers. Most of us sit at the feet of those workers with whom our lot has been cast, by virtue of the special abilities or equipment which they possess. Any administrative officer knows a little about many things, but not very much about any one thing, so she is in a position to learn a great deal from each member of her staff about the work of her department. She needs to be constantly in an attitude of listening and learning. The final test of any secretary's service, whether measured in quality or amount, is how she works *with* others, not how those under her, or over her, are satisfied, but those who work *with* her.

Anyone who is successful in administrative work must have faith in people, and be able to create faith in them in others. It is an achievement to take people on faith. Sometimes we seem to do it with our heads, but not with

our hearts; we say we are trusting people while everything we do shows that we are not really doing so. Do not be too careful about knowing too much about the work of the people for whom you are responsible. Do not let it be said of you, "She keeps everything in her own hands." We have to trust a good deal, stand for a number of minor mishaps, and run the risk of having serious things happen sometimes. Time taken in trying to keep up with every single detail of work of all the workers on the committee or the board is better spent in a good deal of general study and reading, so that we can furnish the creative force of a personally formed judgment. It is better to spend time in knowing the workers than in knowing all about their work. I do not mean that to be epigrammatic, I mean it actually. I think we should do the things that will train our minds to be good instruments so that we may judge quickly and accurately. For in the last analysis, every person in an administrative position, no matter how she has tried to keep herself out of the foreground, has to cast the ballot over and over again, and she must cast it right. A good administrative officer must be able to *commit* work to others, not to assign a task, but to turn it over wholly, entrusting the full responsibility for it and not sitting around in body or in mind to see that it is done.

She must be able, too, to create such an atmosphere of faith in each worker on the part of others that each one will be able to do the best of which she is capable. One way to do this is to keep people's minds antiseptic in regard to others by the fine use of praise. Suppose that a

person has made a blunder at a certain point. To praise her at other points, when we are speaking to others about her, helps to command faith in her work as a whole. We need to be very sensitive, very much alive, to neutralize criticism in this way.

Then, there is the use of our sense of humor. This may seem like a very minor thing, but it is at just this point that many of us fail. Some of us have a sense of humor but do not use it. Or we use it in our play but not in our work. The steady use of our sense of humor will keep us from taking ourselves too seriously. The fact that so many women are sensitive and easily hurt is probably the chief reason for their reputation of being hard to work with. After all, our sensitiveness is largely because we take ourselves so seriously. In the eleventh hour the thing for most of us to do is to laugh. If we cannot laugh we make things very hard for those who have to work with us.

Using our sense of humor will save us, too, from being careful for our authority. Nothing needs less care than that. Nothing is more distasteful than the coddling some people give their position. "My position deserves better treatment," is a really odious attitude! We have no authority that we do not make. A teacher in the school of which I used to be principal once sent for me to come to the room where she was supposed to be keeping a hundred and seventy high school girls and boys in order. She said to me, in despair, "They pay me no more respect than if I were a piece of wood." I was tempted to retort, "Well, you act like one." Don't worship a position. The ab-

stract position will be just what you and I make it, and other things being equal, the greater our facility for subtracting ourselves from the foreground of a situation the better will be the position we create. The Lord deliver us from being pompous!

If we do these things, meet these moral challenges, the result will be that it will become increasingly an instinct to do them, we shall do them better and better, with less and less conscious effort. And thus we shall acquire the essential qualifications for being wise and strong administrators. What are these factors?

First, to be able to see things whole, to judge any instance in its relations. Much of women's work has habituated them to see one detail at a time. But the good administrator must see all the details and in their relation to each other.

Second, to be able to see far, to have foresight and farsight. We are not born far-sighted. We become so as a result of seeing and acting straight.

In the third place, meeting these tests will give us the ability to distinguish between the essential and the nonessential. The essentials are not always big and the nonessentials little, and the essentials are not always remote and non-essentials near.

Next is the ability to construct rather than to destroy, to build rather than tear down.

Then there is the ability to sense and interpret the voice of the constituency, or the community; to know what opinion is. Opinion is not always voiced in the remarks

of the loudest talkers; it takes a highly sensitized spirit to sense what real opinion is.

Next is the inestimable gift of coming to believe much in many people. Nothing is more maiming to the spirit than to disbelieve in others, and it is a thing twice cursed because it curses the person in whom we do not believe, and ourselves. We cannot say how we can come to believe in this or that person, but if we meet these tests it is inevitable that we shall come more and more to believe in the best, and evoke the best as a result.

And finally, the reward of responding habitually to these challenges is that we shall come to have that kind of spiritual insight which we call vision. We cannot get up some morning and have vision; we must earn the ability to see. It is the pure in heart who see God.

*THE QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP**

THE level of the Association can never rise above the level of those of us in this room. It never will rise far as long as we are content simply with a commonplace, mediocre doing of that which it is our duty to do, or even less.

If we cannot increase our mental stature we can always increase our moral and spiritual stature. We are too apt to discount the quality of plain, common goodness. And moreover, nothing is so effective in refining the tools of

* Notes from a talk given to the national Y. W. C. A. staff, probably about 1916.

the mind as the living of fine, strong, true lives. In the long run it is not the brilliant person who leads, but the person of fine character. The qualities of character which seem to me most essential in those entrusted with responsibilities of leadership are these:

Humility. It seems to me to be a fundamental ingredient of all real leadership to feel that one cannot lead. In Miss Dodge there was always the strange combination of the feeling, "I cannot do this," and the conviction, "But I *must* do it," at one and the same moment. There is a moment of spiritual danger in the life of everyone who assumes responsibilities of leadership. We accept a responsibility, feeling fairly adequate to it when we consent to take it. If the work is worth doing the opportunity expands in our minds as time goes on. Then the test comes. We are tempted to deny the call to which we responded in the first place, instead of believing that God has called us to it and will give us strength for it.

Steadiness. So often we start a thing with ephemeral enthusiasm, with just enough energy to go a certain distance. When we do that, our leadership is minus what seems to me a fundamental necessity. If I had to choose between a person of brilliant mind, striking personality, and vivid enthusiasm, and one who steadily, unflinchingly, unfalteringly stands by, I would always choose the latter. She would be the one who would reach the goal.

Loyalty. Loyalty is essential, not only to a cause but to persons, the members of our committee and our colleagues. "The heart of her friend doth safely trust in her." If you

do not feel that you can trust yourself, your reputation with others, your cause, your plans, your future usefulness into my keeping, knowing that I would protect you and them as I would protect my own, then I am failing in loyalty.

Lack of self-centeredness. To be free from self-centeredness insures our being free from prejudice, not in general but on each particular occasion; not as a creed but as a daily practice. It safeguards us, too, against sensitiveness, and the most afflicting kind of woman to work with is the one who is easily hurt or offended.

Love. How much of the love of God do we incarnate? Our love must be to the uttermost, love that fails not, that is instant in its perception, and makes us put ourselves in the place of others instinctively. To be able to think with, and feel with, the other person, continuously, habitually, is to have God dwelling in us. Our love must have breadth. If there is any type of woman whom I do not want to know, I am failing in love. For the understanding heart is no respecter of persons, or classes, or groups. And our love must be unchangeable and constant, not burning strongly for a time and then going out just at the moment it is most needed. The chief responsibility of leaders is to create leaders. Leaders are not to be called but created. We cannot think creatively or deal with others in such a way as to call forth their powers unless the love of God possesses us to a very great degree.

Faith. To have creative faith makes us partners with God. We have to create much in his name, in his stead.

It makes heavy demands upon our powers of creation to create the atmosphere in which to make our work go. We speak of the fine "spirit" of an organization or place. That spirit is created because those who work there have entered into partnership with God. We must have faith in God.

And we must have faith in women—all women. If we do not have this we have simply given up at the outset. We cannot divide people into groups and count some hopeful and others hopeless. When we have such an attitude we are lacking in faith in God, and in love. I would not take anything for what my work in the Association has meant to me in giving me belief in people, in many people, not a few, nor a given group, but *all* women. To believe to the uttermost is, in some sense, to see the end from the beginning, as God does, and to do so increasingly.

*ON BEING A BUILDER**

SLOW, patient, painstaking drudging is the work of the builder. If the building is a large one, those who work on its construction may never see it finished. Many of us find it hard to make up our minds to face the fact that we may never see the finished and perfect structure of the building on which we work.

The greatest weakness of the Young Women's Christian Association at the present moment is that we have not

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given at the national Y. W. C. A. building, probably in 1920.

enough people willing to be builders. It is easier to get them for anything else. If we could sound forth a challenge, a call, which would make people willing to be builders, if we could create a sense of mission to erect the structure which makes it possible to translate visions into realities, then this organization would really contribute something in our day and generation. For the Young Women's Christian Association is useful today not because our ideals or our ideas are extraordinary, but because we have a structure over which ideas and ideals can pass.

It is the easiest of all things to destroy. It is hard to destroy that which is bad, but it is easier than to build. It is comparatively easy to plant seeds. It is not very difficult to sow ideas. It is not exceedingly hard to bring people to the point of passing resolutions. But this is not building, creating. Mr. Moody used to call attention to the fact that the Book of Acts was not entitled "The Resolutions of the Apostles," but "The Acts of the Apostles."

It is not very hard to be a pilgrim. You can be one by yourself. But building is always a team-work process. No builder can work alone, but must always be a member of a crew. It is hard to be a builder. To take day by day a mass of inchoate ideas, suggestions, counter suggestions, work them first into a plan, then into a program incarnate in flesh and blood—this means that virtue will go out of us.

*THE FINE ART OF WORKING TOGETHER**

SOME of us make things unnecessarily hard for the rest of us. I want to suggest some of the very simple ways by which we can avoid doing this.

By the use of gentle words and a gentle voice. These are surely qualifications of a gentlewoman.

By taking the attitude of "It seems to me," rather than "It is"; and "Might it not be?" rather than, "I declare it to be."

By saying "we" instead of "I." We usually mean "we," but too often say "I."

By being on time, not assuming that someone else will not be and therefore being late ourselves.

By the fine use of praise. If I have just heard something lovely about you, I am in a very good condition to hear criticism of you. My mind has been made antiseptic by the good I have heard of you, and the negative culture of criticism has no chance to grow. It simply does not take.

By getting a grip on our weaknesses, which may sometimes be so close to the strengths that just a touch will send them over. For example, that which was witty or clever may so easily become unkind, or caustic, or worse.

By control of our moods. Some people have to produce more than their share of good spirit because some of the rest of us are such voracious consumers of it. Grown women cannot afford to be "out of sorts." We dare not go on a spree of bad temper or depression.

* Fragmentary notes of a talk given to the national Y. W. C. A. staff.

Dr. Rauschenbusch used to say that every home should be a miniature Kingdom of Heaven, and he added that every night before he went to sleep he asked himself, "Walter Rauschenbusch, have you been a good citizen in your Kingdom of Heaven today?" Are we being good citizens, day by day, in this house, which should surely be a little Kingdom of Heaven?

*SOME ADMINISTRATIVE PROBLEMS IN THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**

OUR work must move within the structure of the Association. Most women tend to be rather regardless of structure. They are quite willing to throw it out of the window if at any time it does not suit them. To move within the structure often means that we must make the sacrifice of moving more slowly. In controversial matters especially there is always the temptation to think of the Association as an instrument by which to get something done, instead of a body of women to be educated to greater understanding and broader points of view. Individual departments could usually move much more rapidly if they acted independently instead of as parts of the whole. If the departments are not willing to move within the structure, for the sake of the ultimate gain to the whole, the blame usually lies at the door of the general secretary. For

* Fragmentary notes of two talks on this subject made at the National School of the Y. W. C. A.

it is her responsibility to think in terms of the whole, and to help each department to see its own work in relation to that of all other departments and groups. We need to develop our amalgamating virtues. It is significant that so many of our words for these are from the French—*esprit de corps,* morale, and so forth. It is the line of least resistance for our Anglo-Saxon natures to act as individuals, rather than in groups.

To insure the forward movement of the whole it is important that no group be too like-minded. We must not be afraid of discordant elements on the board, or on any other group, if they represent a real part of our constituency.

The board and staff should be co-laborers, supplementing and complementing one another in their work. Every time two people are together, the past of each one is operating; not only the things that have been said and heard, but the particular angle and point of view which the background of each has given her. The board member who gives her whole time to the Association is not having the contacts with other organizations, or getting the points of view of other groups, which would enable her to see the Association in comparison with other movements and from the angle of other people. The secretary giving her entire time and attention to the Association necessarily sees it from a concentrated, microscopic point of view. It is essential that there always be, among the board and committee women, some who by virtue of not spending their

whole time upon the Association furnish the corrective of a telescopic viewpoint.

THE SECRETARY—HER MOTIVE AND AIM

A FRIEND who is a member of the board of directors of an Association, was in our office a few weeks ago and was at the time talking about a young woman who was under consideration by that board for the general secretaryship. After enumerating her various qualifications—all favorable—she added with a little sigh, "But I wish I could know how she lives her life inside." Have we not all met and known persons concerning whom this very thought has come to us? There are indeed those whom we can scarcely think of except as associating with others, of whom no reserves are suspected. We cannot imagine them either to desire or to be able to be at home with themselves alone. And yet—we cannot know; the inner life we may suspect because of tokens in speech and act or because of silences, but we cannot really know it, or at best we may know in part. This is something we do not need to know. In the ruthlessness with which some people often presume to enter the life within of others, to break over into those things which are theirs and theirs only, this is probably forgotten. But what the friend meant is clear. There is nothing outside that really in the last analysis counts at all, nothing outside can really make or mar. It is that which comes from within that signifies.

Someone has made note of the fact that "in the immediate present we face a disproportionate development of machinery and men; faith in mechanism is too developed. The new demand is for persons to control—new alertness, new sobriety, new integrity in those who administer." We have great respect for the things that can be measured and tabulated and handled, and are in danger of losing sight, too often, of the part that unseen forces have in the economy of any program for human betterment. If we grant that it is the letter that killeth many of our undertakings, and the spirit that giveth life to any service, it may be worth while, even though there is opportunity to note only a few in the brief space of a paper, to ponder upon some of the uses and abuses we may make of motive, the hidden thought that is behind the plan of action, the unseen purpose that keeps activities in motion, the impulse that prompts each word we say, that which interprets us to ourselves, that reveals us to ourselves for what we are.

May note first be made of the *inarticulate motives* with which we are possibly doing much of our work, the vague and shadowy form many of our reasons for doing things take, or the feeble grip a better-defined purpose may have upon us. Why am I in this place? For what am I working? Have these questions a personal answer for us? There is often hesitation, for instance, when a group of secretaries are asked to give an individual expression of the purpose of the Young Women's Christian Association. Have we ever worked out for ourselves what is to our minds the ultimate motive of the Association, or better still,

have we formulated what is our own motive in working in the Association? It is worth while to do so, because we shall probably begin to do some new thinking when we seek to put into words our own convictions as to this purpose at any given time. The difficulty is that we use phrases, often, which have been procured ready-made, ready-made reasons, ready-made statements, and it is very possible that we may not know whether they are ours or merely the possessions of those who have helped to put us in the places in which we are. It is of importance, for we may be making our plans in conformity to a statement that comprehends within itself either more or less, as the case may be, than we may be assuming that it does, and the result will be in either case a loss of connection, a gap between ourselves and the things we are doing which will make our doings stiff, formal and conventional. They will be without vitality because they are severed from us. Such deeds, even though they be good, will therefore be unreal. People will not care for such services, and there will be no response to any appeal of this kind.

And may note be made secondly of the distinction between the *ultimate* as contrasted with the *immediate* motive. A hand-to-mouth policy always means a small work, and it cannot be emphasized too strongly that there is a tempter always at our ear telling us to take advantage of the opportunity at hand. There are several reasons why women shrink the reach of their service by this particular means.

In the first place, we are often indolent when it comes

to the demand to think. The excuse more often than not is that the press of the things that demand to be done makes a thoughtful consideration of our field for work, and of the Association as an instrument for working that field, impossible. "There are always so many things to do," "The details take my whole time," "I am out on the firing line"—these are some of the reasons that are given for working with a short plan.

Often a certain mild assumption of superiority and sometimes a somewhat cynical though kindly smile accompany the claim that it is all very well for someone to sit in an office away off from the real activities and demands and urge deliberate planning, but that as for these, they are caught in the drift of things and they must do the next things next. We need to face this question squarely and know whether we are not making large plans because we cannot, or because we will not. We must do so before we have any right to make the assertion that there is no time for study and thought upon our problem; it may be that we will have to acknowledge to ourselves that the real reason that we do not do more thinking is that we find it requires of us an effort and distinct feeling of strain that the simple doing of many things does not demand.

And then, in the second place, women are likely to be subject to a sort of nervous fear that every single opportunity must be taken advantage of immediately or else it is lost irretrievably. We are not always brave enough to let chances slip by for doing something or saying something even though the taking of that chance may block the work-

ing out of a larger and more far-reaching plan. I may not do the thing or speak the word, but somebody else will.

And in the third place, we are very human and we want to see the results of the things we say and do, a joy which is denied us in proportion as our plans are large. It sometimes seems necessary to do things which seem to make failure in order that a larger success may be made, and it is often necessary to omit to do that which, just from the immediate need, would seem to make success for the few, in order that we may not by so doing put anything in the way of the larger success for the many. Are we working for tomorrow, or are we working for the long future *and* tomorrow? Are we thinking through to that which may possibly come from the course that is now being acted upon, or are we thoughtless of any responsibility we may have in not taking away other people's opportunities by our own course of action? To sacrifice if necessary the immediate opportunity to the largest and most comprehensive plan we are able to make, is often to find again that same opportunity in an enlarged form.

May note be made thirdly of the *sordid* motives, those impulses which degrade all the acts they prompt because they are not free from self. All of them are good enough and worthy things when viewed as incidental results, but made even in the slightest degree a motive they spoil every bit of work they start, not to speak of the fact that we are sure not to obtain that which we seek for. The first one to be mentioned as being perhaps least sordid is the temptation of conscious power—the not-withholding of one's in-

fluence over another simply because of the delight of exerting influence, the purpose to use power because we have it. There is a most insidious temptation in the consciousness that we can influence people for good or for ill, and we are not always respectful enough of the rights of the individuality of others to keep in mind that there are times when it is kindest and most helpful to withhold our power over these. It goes without saying that good breeding and one's sense of the fitness of things will enable us to efface ourselves from the foreground of a given situation, but there may be in the very doing of this at times a sort of self-consciousness which sooner or later is sure to betray itself. The only kind of self-effacement that always works is the kind that results from a forgetfulness of one's self. Power is given us many times to use and sometimes to withhold. It is a personal question which we must ask ourselves often—"For which am I the more anxious—to do this work, or that this work should be done?"

Another sordid motive is the desire to win success for the sake of success. "I will not fail." "This thing had to succeed," are expressions that may indicate a spirit which may make for real success or for a fictitious success according as the impulse that prompts them is the thought of the thing successfully brought to fruition as a means to an end, or the thought of oneself making a success. Sometimes the motive is to win the love of the girls, or to win the approval of the board of directors, or of the people of a city—or sometimes it may be just to win attention, to be in the forefront of things. The way we receive attention some-

times would at least seem to indicate that this is true. All these things are good enough in themselves. Love, and approval certainly, attention even, should one care for it; we do not need to go through life without them. Power? It is ours to accumulate in an increasing degree. Success? It is to be expected. "Seek ye first the kingdom, and these things shall be added." But notice that it does not say, "In order that they may be added." And just as soon as we make any one of these good things a purpose, it first of all taints the work of which it is the spring, no matter how good the plan or how careful the execution; and, secondly, it defeats itself, for this approval and love and attention and success and power, in any real sense of any one of these words, will fail to come. They are all by-products. They are the little flowers that spring up along the side of the road in which we walk, or the new strength that comes to the straining muscles because we are using them; but they are not the beautiful city to which we travel, or the end of any journey.

And may note be made next that the motive needs to be *pure*—that is to say, unmixed. There is for so much of the time likely to be a mixture in our motive, a little bit of desire for attention and a great deal of honest desire to serve; a little bit of hope that a course will win approval and a large proportion of unselfish purpose; but the heart is not single. And does some one say, "What practical difference does it make? The result is the same." Well, humanly speaking, perhaps the difference is not often apparent, but nevertheless that into which there has come the

slightest particle of the selfish motive, even though it be in the unseen motive, is to that degree marred, and into the work which is done in the name of our Lord you and I have dared to put something that spoils it. Is it not just here that we need to look for the cause of some failures of well-laid plans, for the reason why some of the prayers of the heart's deepest longings seem to have no answer? We have seemed to fulfil the conditions; in so far as we have been able to see the straight path we have walked in it; we have done everything we have known to do and yet we wait. May it not be that somewhere, at some point, on the part of some one, two, or three, there has been something alien mixed into the general purpose and plan? The law must work that whatsoever is sown shall be reaped sometime and somewhere.

The motive has to be *loving,* not loving unto ourselves but loving unto others. There is danger of confusing these. Very often when we reduce it to a last analysis it is a love for ourselves rather than for the other which prevents us from being frank, or seems to make it impossible for us to say the things we ought. We are afraid to run the chance of being misunderstood. We shrink from doing and saying the things that it is hard to do and say. It is easier not to put a hand to things we may easily leave untouched. We love others so much that we cannot bear to hurt them. We do not want to hear what they will say or to see the wound we make. We draw back from setting in motion something that will disappoint or hurt another, and yet if we are really honest with ourselves, nine times

out of ten we are hesitating first of all because we dread the pain that comes to us in the telling. Oh, it is not what a girl or woman is going to be or suffer tomorrow or next week or this year! It is her whole life that often pleads with our selfish, easy-going, let-well-enough-alone. Someone says about another who is working with her, "She is not the right one for this place," "She is not adequate to the demand here," "She can never adapt herself to this situation."

"And you have told her?"

"Oh, no, I have thought if she could be just recommended to some place else she would not need to be hurt," or, "I don't feel it is my particular duty to say anything to her." And the person goes on to make the same mistakes in another place.

One is sick at heart in the face of the tragedy in the lives of women who are the victims of this attitude of mind on the part of those who are the only ones who could help them. What is more pathetic than the life of many a woman who has passed her youth, who has her own way to make, but who finds herself crystallized in habits of thought and manner and action which make her a misfit, because of the fact that those who have had it in their power to do anything for her at any given time in her course loved themselves so much that they could not bear to see her wounded or disappointed even for a time?

And may note be made, last, of the use of our motives as a *test.* Most of us, indeed all of us, work much of the time under conditions which are such that we cannot have

any test to apply to the probable efficiency of what we are doing except the amount of painstaking work and thought we have put upon the plan and the motive which furnishes the propulsive force. We do not see any results. In proportion as the plan is large and long in its reach we are not likely to see them. But in a real sense there can be no such thing as failure viewed from the point of the integrity of the motive. It at least is within our control. Are you doing good work now, as tested by results you do not know? You may not have seen the result of anything you have planned for some time. We have an unhappy time if we try to measure our work entirely by the results at any given point. There is no test that can always be applied under all circumstances but that of the integrity, the comprehensiveness, the purity of motive, and the loving heart that are behind the activity.

There is a great deal of work going on in the world which the world calls good. Whether our Lord and Master calls it good we do not know. He sees the living purpose back of every word and every deed, which we can never see. And there is a great deal of work which our own little world in which we move and serve calls good whether He calls it so or not. In spite of much seeming success and in spite of our possibly measuring up to many popular standards of efficiency, dare we ever forget that as a woman thinketh in her heart so is she—and so, too, is her work? It is first of all a question of the *person.*

*OUR MOTIVES AND METHODS**

AFTER ten years of work in close contact with the secretaries of the Young Women's Christian Association I can truly say that they respond more quickly to the appeal for self-sacrifice than do the members of any other group I have known, certainly than any I have ever worked with. Their ultimate aim and purpose are all right.

But when we come down to our workaday struggles, to the question of our immediate motive and method, I cannot honestly say that I feel we are above par. And we should be. We are a group of Christian women, committed in the name of Christ to working together, and we ought to have the finest and highest standard in regard to both motive and method. Most of our difficulties in working with other people focus around our motives and our methods. Motive has much to do with whether or not we can work with other people, and method has almost as much. Few people whose motives are right have trouble in working with other people even if they are pretty clumsy and lacking in finesse. Tact is a relatively small thing as compared with being honest, just and right-minded. So I think we need to face this question of motive and method, and their interplay, squarely, for ourselves as individuals and as a group of workers. I do not think it is a good thing for women, or for Christian workers, to be too introspective, but I do believe it is well for us to be much

* Notes of a talk given in 1915.

more critical and self-conscious on the question of motive than we usually are.

I want to suggest one or two lines along which we may very well do some thinking and self-examining in regard to motive. It seems to me of rock-bottom importance that the reason I give myself for saying, or doing, or feeling a thing, not to speak of the reason I give to somebody else, shall be the actual reason that I say it, or do it, or feel it. We are so apt to say something quickly, and think up an explanation of why we said it, afterward. There are many reasons we can give for having done a thing that are not the real reasons why we did it. Being honest in this is the beginning of wisdom. We must not fool ourselves. We dare not.

One of the introductory remarks we use most frequently is, "I feel strongly." That is probably the case. We do feel strongly. But may that not be a kind of deposit, a resultant from the fact that we are not very articulate, that the reason for the attitude we hold is pretty cloudy and vague, not arrived at by real study and thought? When we say, "I feel strongly," we are often betraying ourselves more sadly than the words themselves would convey. I remember one of our summer conference leaders saying that he had heard it stated that when a woman said, "I think," she ought rather to put it, "I rearrange my prejudices." The use of a good many ready-made phrases and forms of speech without reality back of them has, in time, a kind of unmoral effect. Sooner or later there grows up a gap between the self we really are and the self we assume

to be. The inevitable result of that is a twist or crookedness in our thinking.

There is no doubt that some people possess, by gift of birth, beautiful, straight-thinking minds, just as some have beautiful features, and others beautiful stalwart bodies. I remember that when I first read Allen's *Life of Phillips Brooks* I was always looking for the test which had come to Phillips Brooks, the meeting of which had enabled him to know life as he did, and meet it as he did. At last, way over in the third volume, the biographer, as if he suspected the question which was in our minds, makes this statement: "This man was free-born. Most of us buy our knowledge of life at great price." We do. There is no use in assuming that we all have that kind of straight-thinking mind, any more than that we all have beautiful faces or lovely hair. Most people have to be on guard against turning, twisting, cross-cutting, evasion for the sake of avoiding pain for themselves or others, or for getting quick results. I think we are blinding ourselves to truth when we assume that we could never feel, or do, certain things, or have certain temptations, for we know that most of us could have such feelings, do such things, be assailed by such temptations. Only here and there are people naturally endowed with perfectly clean, straight, antiseptic minds. Very few are free-born. Most of us need to be constantly on guard. Resistance is necessary at every turn to the temptations that arise to twist and turn us. But such resistance brings its own sure reward. The grain of the mind does become refined, its kinks do get

straightened out, and that which was once temptation ceases to be so. If we were born crooked we need not stay so.

I wrote down, thinking that they would make what I am trying to say more concrete, a few illustrations of temptations that I suppose come to all of us, temptations to use methods which defile and degrade our work and taint its results. They seem so small that when I showed them to my mother she said she would be ashamed to use them.

When a person tells you, as an argument on behalf of something she desires, what someone else has said, without mentioning the question she asked in order to get just that thing said, or without speaking of the reservation the other person made to what she said, she is using a wrong method, isn't she?

Or when a woman quotes, as a lure to me to agree with her, the opinion of somebody in whom she thinks I have confidence, but fails to quote the unfavorable opinion of another in whom I have the same confidence, she is not using a fair method, is she? But people do that right along.

To give a reason for saying or doing a thing which is not the real reason, using that as a cloak to cover the actual motive, or giving an explanation that is only a tenth of the real reason, is not honest, is it?

Or to make a general assertion, and then when an individual instance comes up, not standing by what you have declared, and saying, "Oh, I did not mean that, that is an

exception," is not playing fair. We can quite easily do that right along without realizing it.

Or yielding to the temptation to give a flavor to a thing we are reporting. Some people can hardly tell of a thing that happened without giving it something additional. Is that any way to report? We find ourselves qualifying, just a little, everything that some people tell us. That is not really fair to them, but a burnt child dreads the fire.

These are rather small and picayunish illustrations. But we are pretty safe in the face of unrespectable sins; so unsafe when the temptations are in the realm of respectable sins. Many people think that, granted a right purpose and a right end, it makes little difference about the methods they use to reach that end. They have a morality of goal but no code, or principles, in regard to method. But it is impossible to hope that work which is, ultimately, absolutely dependent on spiritual forces can yield the pure result for which we hope and work and strive if we insert into it these impure methods, which are selfish and have a taint of crookedness about them.

It seems to me that there is no better way to keep motive up to a hundred per cent level than to remember that for all large work, in so far as the individual worker's relation to it is concerned, motive is the only test we have. If our work is at long range, as so much of our work is, either in place or in years, if it is one piece in a great plan, we can never know very much about how it has turned out. Our motive is the only way by which we can really test administrative work. All an administrative officer does is always

a part of what others are doing. It is impossible to judge our work by its product, as one judges the cook's skill by the cake she has baked. About all we know, and can be sure of, is the purpose with which we have done our piece of the whole, and the perfection of the method we used in doing it. And there is rich reward if we can look at that purpose and that method, unashamed, at the end of the day, and the end of the year, and the end of the work.

*THE GOAL OF OUR CALLING**

AND there is the question about the purpose of the Association—whether it has the force of a cause, something or someone for whom one would attempt not only the tranquilly possible but the impossible as well. I sometimes wonder how far it is possible for both passion and calculation to exist in the same person, or in the same generation, at the same time.

Our purpose is within the realm of our day's work, where if we will it can make the synthesis of these two. It informs the most common parts with meaning and touches it all with grace. We have an aim that has to do not with material or mechanical things but which is personal. In all ages the master passions which do not flicker or snuff out, which possess persons with a grip that can be held, are those which are of persons, for persons. The luster upon my profession to me comes from my hope that

* Fragment from a talk given in 1923.

it is contributing to the fulfilment of a purpose for which I am supremely concerned, that the purpose and the instrument for accomplishing it, together make a cause to which I can give whole-hearted allegiance, and that it is exercised in the name of, and with the support of, the Person of persons to whom my soul offers fealty.

*THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL FOR WOMAN AS INTERPRETED BY THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**

How far, and in what ways, is the Young Women's Christian Association an interpretation of Christian ideals of life and service? How much is it a help to individual women in realizing them? What power may it have as an institution in making these ideals factors in the life of a community or a nation?

Organizations are so many and multiply so rapidly that it is not to be wondered at if men and women are often bewildered as to which one shall have their actual sympathy. While confidence in some person or persons who have espoused the cause of an organization may inspire a certain confidence in the idea, or faith in the practicality of its program may enlist a certain amount of interest, belief in the idea itself is the ground for hope that an institution's appeal may be perennial. What, then, are the elements in the Association ideal which make us willing

* Address given at a World's Conference of the Y. W. C. A. in Stockholm, 1914.

to single it out from among many good movements in order to give to it the best of our time, our sympathy, and our resources?

At the outset it should be noted that the Association is not, strictly speaking, an institution of itself. It is rather a manifestation of the Christian Church, a method, a *way* by which different churches may combine in the task of associating young women. The basis on which they are associated is that each has something for the other; that each is in some sense a representation of, and should be an evangel to, a larger group without; and that certain emphases may be laid and certain appropriate lessons may be learned by young women coming together as women, which are not accomplished otherwise.

The Association then is cooperation. It is not an organization of one group of women, educated, cultivated, well-to-do, altruistically moved to "do good to" girls of another and less favored class, but an associating together of all types of women in a community. In a given city, for instance, the woman who is studying, the one who has leisure, she who works with her hands, and she who earns her living with her brain, may do so many things together that they come to realize each something of the other's life; individual or class consciousness becomes social consciousness; life becomes more abundant to each. And this may be true whether the community be homogeneous or as diversified as the population of a typical city. The difference is only one of degree.

The Association is also a voluntary organization. A

young woman goes into it of her own will. It begins on her initiation. It is organized only when a given number of young women in a community signify their desire to have it. It is their institution. This is in contrast with a good deal of welfare work which is superimposed upon the girls of an industry or a commercial community, and fails on the conventional expectation that it will please those for whom it is planned, for the very simple reason that it is done for them and not by themselves.

The Association is an organization which aims to build, rather than to make over; to prevent failure of character, rather than to attempt cure when failure has been made. Its program is not palliation but construction. It remembers "that the great thing is to hold out the helping hand while there is yet time, the hand of justice and not mercy. Justice gives a girl a fair fight; mercy cannot atone to her for not having had it." Its work is not therefore rescue work, however important it be that it be equipped to come to the rescue on occasion. It is rather a school for learning life lessons; this is the reason for its being a *Young* Women's Association, and a large part of the hope for the success of its program.

The Association does its thinking about woman in terms of her whole life—body, mind, soul—all to be developed if she is to be a whole woman. Its institutions are planned to supplement her deficiencies, to make good her meagerness of opportunity, to allow to atrophy certain overdeveloped powers. It conceives of her as less than the ideal Christian woman in measure as body, mind or spirit is

allowed to grow to the neglect or atrophy of the other. She must be a well woman, an intelligent woman, an efficient woman, a spiritually minded woman. All the varied educational program of the Association, its physical education, the use of the gymnasium, the recreation centers, the health talks, first-aid instruction, cultural and technical classes, its classes for home-makers and for citizenship, its religious education, its practice in administration and team work in the organization and direction of clubs, is made to interplay and focus toward the development of a rounded and symmetrical womanhood.

But cooperation, if it is to be of fact and not merely of name, assumes a common purpose, unity of aim underlying all differences. The Association conceives of the religious as the fundamental factor in making any group coherent and unified, and makes continuous effort to bring its members to a religious consciousness of their common aim.

Its ultimate objective is to make women Christians, the development of Christian characters, rather than the correction of untoward conditions or circumstances. This is not to assume that some organizations should not make their primary aim the removal of bad conditions, the adjustment of wrong relations. But however the Association may have to deal with circumstances as a condition of doing parts of its work, or as a by-product of it, its work is primarily with women themselves. The kind of women they are is the ultimate test of its work.

And, finally, the Association is in some sense, however

imperfect, a visible expression in a community of the love of Christ, in form and terms that any woman can understand. At some time each year I take a journey across my own country, from east to west, spending four days and nights on the same train. Often the train travels for an hour or two, and more as we go farther west, without our seeing village, or town, or city, only the broad stretches of the prairie, the lonesome hills or mountains, or the sandy desert. Then on the horizon there come into view the spires of the little box churches of the western towns, and immediately at these witnesses of the presence of God's people I have a sense of at-homeness; I know there are those there with whom I am at one—the love of Christ is there. But if I should get out of the train at that station and go up into the valley or city, I might not find these people available for my need or help. They are scattered, inaccessible, their resources not translated into any expression I may understand or a service I may need. The Association may make these resources available in a given place, hence the value of buildings; and at any time, hence the reason for continuous operation, day and night, Sunday and week-day, winter and summer. Through its very great capacity for adaptation it is able to give expression to this love and good-will in words and ways, and deeds and services, concrete enough to be within the grasp of any young woman. These are some of the ideas which go to form the Association ideal.

Next to be noted is the question, how much is the Association through these means a help to the individual young

woman in realizing in her own life the Christian ideals of life and service which it attempts to put before her?

In the first place, it goes out to meet her; it begins its work where she is; it speaks her language. When one stops to think of it, how unreal may often seem the ideals and interests behind very much church work, how far removed from the daily life and concerns of many people, whether they be people of fashion or those engaged in industrial work, of whom we think in this connection more easily. It is with a feeling of exultation that we remember the power which the Association may have to make intelligible the meaning of the Kingdom of God, and to make the efforts of the church to bring it to earth seem real.

In the second place, the characteristic method of the Association is to give scope to the individual to work, and to work for the individual. It has members. It is the meaning and spirit of membership that the Association is more than an organization; it is a sort of sisterhood in which each member not only has an obligation but may expect to receive something of that kind of consideration of her individual need which the sister in a family receives. This is but to say that it is not an organization with a program constructed somewhere up in the air, making necessary a subsequent search for girls to drop it upon. Instead, it is made and re-made continuously, according to demand. We should expect an illustration of this in an ideal city Association, in many small classes, classes of three or four, of two, even of one; short-time classes adjusted to the demand and to the available time of the girls who ask for

them. The Association does not ask a woman with a little girl's mind to sit in a class with those of her mind's age, it finds a class for her with others who are like her, if she needs the inspiration of companionship, or gives her a class by herself, if that would give her greater freedom. I know of no other organization with so flexible an instrument to meet the need of the individual at a given time and in a given place in such a way as to open up new possibilities, realizing ever-deepening needs and the source of their true satisfaction.

I call to mind, in illustration of this, that an Association general secretary once told me that a girl had come into her office as a sort of last resort. There was a position she could have in a milliner's shop if only she knew how to curl feathers, but two days' search coupled with her inexperience had not availed to find in that city of 200,000 people a teacher of feather curling. Not a very difficult feat for the employed staff of that Association. A little passing around of this request, a little searching of memories, a visit to a member of the Association—all done that day, since the position would not wait for a board meeting or a second semester—and a new educational class of one that evening; the subject of the course, feather curling; the teacher, a one-time milliner, a woman no longer employed but making and having a home of her own.

Then, in the third place, it is to be remembered that the essential idea of the Association is association—bringing women together as women, bridging artificial separation, drawing them out of the provincial circle of their own par-

ticular kind of women. The range of a woman's acquaintance is thus immensely increased, mutual understanding follows, her sympathies expand, her intelligence gains breadth.

Being a Christian institution, the Association would fail to earn its right to the name if its life did not throb with a burning sense of individual worth. It does its share in setting free the bound spirit of many a girl. By the contact it provides and the acquaintance it gives with girls outside of her natural environment, to whom her restricted interests and artificial conventions may mean nothing whatever, it helps many a girl to set up standards for herself; she becomes an individual, known on her own merits. The ever-multiplying variety of the activities of the Association discovers to her new powers in herself and evokes a self-expression which is itself a liberating force.

Girls who live almost the whole day within the walls of a factory frequently testify that it was the Association which first gave them a sense of having a part in the work of the world, and there is no doubt that the city or rural Association is doing for many young women whose lives have been protected and sheltered, what the college is doing for the girls who first find their individuality there.

The Association provides its members with an opportunity and a training ground for service, an opportunity through the use of its equipment, machinery and other resources, for as many outside interests and relationships as any individual may find and keep contact with. Those whom the Association that is alive touches indirectly

might be double or even treble its membership. For the Association is not an administrative building or a hostel, it is the membership. In measure as the members realize its aim and purpose in their own lives is it a force trending outward and projecting its life into a community.

The Association provides a training ground in the fine business of working with other women. To many a woman this is an unknown art; she is more or less an autocrat in her own home, or if a democrat, that only in the commonwealth of the family, where intention counts heavily in estimating the worth of any performance. In proportion as she finds herself outside that little circle or even the larger group of her own particular kind of women, does she realize that it is a new game, this give and take of working with many women, of many traditions, grades of ability, qualities of spirit, and that it requires something more than the skill which comes with practice. There is a code to be learned; a new tempering of one's mind, a new chastening of one's spirit must be undergone. The Association, through all the units of its system, from the small committee of a department through clubs and federations of clubs, cabinets, departments of work, boards of directors, conferences and camps, territorial and national committees, offers admirable training to young women in that team work and those arts of administration which it is necessary they should learn if they are to give good service to their generation, make their gift or their craft contribute, carry their share of the housekeeping burdens of society.

And lastly, in this connection, the Association may help the individual girl most of all in the close contact it gives with other girls and women of attainment in character, the contagion of fine spirits, of good example, of high ideals and standards, the inspiration to endeavor and to grow. The best gift of the Association to me as an individual is the women in it with whom I have worked closely, whom therefore I know and love.

Thirdly, what power may the Association have as an institution to put before women generally Christian ideals and to make them factors in the life of a community or nation?

Granted that we have a clear conception of our ideals and are able to interpret them for the need of the occasion or the place, *next* to the presence and leadership of some women with spirit so enkindled that they are forever restless so long as there is woe and sin, is the importance of an adequate instrument, if the ideals are to have driving power. The Association, we have said, is dealing primarily not with conditions or circumstances, reforms or institutions, but with women. The subjects of its consideration are never cases or types, but persons. If its work is to be thorough and vital, if it is not to be spread too thin, it may be that its membership will never be large enough to place it in the same category with some of the other national councils of women. It is its genius that its members count as individuals, and there is a limit to the number who can be associated, and any personal touch of one upon the other retained. I remember to have heard one

secretary say that when the membership of a Young Men's Christian Association in a city exceeded 5,000 it ceased to be a brotherhood and became merely an organization. But this limitation of its membership need not necessarily measure corresponding limits to its power. It may motive, inspire, keep up the speed of and refine other movements for change and reform.

In measure as Christ is made manifest in the purity and the righteousness of the members, we should expect that the power of the Association should be quickened and reinforced, its vision should outrun that of some other institution less close to the sources of power. It should be expected to see clearly; more than that, "since religious life makes for a healthy view upon the world, it is to be expected that the Association should see the present-day crises and problems in the life of women in the light of Christian optimism and of Christian opportunity."

There have been actual demonstrations of this again and again in small communities, as in the typical student Association. More recently, in larger cities, the Association has been able to reveal unfelt needs, and set in motion forces to meet them. Illustrations are known: your city campaign, planned to awaken the people of a city to a sense of its real conditions. Another example is that of an Association which has so brought to the attention of the citizens the dangers to which its young girls are exposed that there has been incorporated into the provisions of the municipal government a comprehensive program of protective work, which looks to the Association to provide its leaders. An-

other illustration is found in much of the work of the rural Association, whose ministry so largely consists in stimulating existing agencies.

But the Association has been powerless to bring its gospel to bear, naturally, very often because of the incompleteness of its instrument. We are inclined to be restive under the slow processes by which good organization is reached; we begrudge the time which must be given in constructing a good instrument, and getting it into adjustment, keeping it in repair. And so we fall into the habit of making short cuts, only to find when we have some special word to say that there is no bridge between us and those to whom we would say it, nor have we any messengers who can translate it into their terms or their tongue.

. . . . .

Through the machinery for promoting relationships, pre-eminently the summer conference, because held annually, but in addition by all such means as camps and conventions, whether sectional, national or world's, the Association adds each year thousands to the number of women who can no longer do their thinking locally or provincially, but must henceforth do it nationally and even internationally. I think it is Dr. George Adam Smith who has said that it is the beginning of patriotism to be able to see the sins of one's own country. Certainly our eyes can never again be so blind to the madnesses or the selfishness of our own community, or section, or our own land, after we have been able to make comparisons and see contrasts

as we do in many a gathering every year, and to the highest degree in a conference like this.

We ought to believe that the women of every nation represented in this room this morning are to receive some new gift or insight or grace, because we shall see here a larger ideal for them. They will, if we are obedient to the vision.

*ON THE OCCASION OF A JUBILEE**

A JUBILEE is a time for remembrance. It is very human to take much for granted. The engineer, for instance, of the train we travel in, or the stokers on the ship—how often do we think of them as we speed on? Is it not true that so long as there is neither difficulty nor danger we do not often think of them at all? We simply take them for granted.

We take so much of the past for granted—even the past of our own concerns; the slow and painful perfecting of the tools and instruments we use; the difficult building through the years of the institutions to which we have fallen heir. How often do we think of the days of small things, of the trembling hopes, the fears, of the much faith and the toil that have been spent before we could have what we have? It is good for us to have these brought to our remembrance, to live back in imagination into the past

* Written in 1916, in connection with the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first Young Women's Christian Association in the United States.

of the Association as well as we can, to make the adventure of faith with its pioneers, to feel with its builders the pain of their struggles; and surely this will mean a new and stronger sense of our kinship with them and of what we owe to them, a more discriminating judgment regarding what the Association in the very nature of the case can be made to do or what it cannot be made to do, a new sense of commission not to fail them in accomplishing the purposes of the Association.

The jubilee is a time, therefore, for a new concentration upon a tremendous task, for a new facing of responsibility for the ultimate purpose of the Association. If those in whose mind and heart the Association idea was born had any prophetic insight in defining its purpose, that purpose should have a content today larger than it ever had. Community life everywhere is in greater need than ever before of spiritual leadership. Men and women everywhere under circumstances more pressing, more baffling, are gropingly trying to find God. Many of them do not even know what it is they seek. Particularly are women bewildered, having been thrust out suddenly into so many new and uncharted courses. The Association in a very true sense is out among them—many of them, not all. We have a good deal of contact with young women. We are where they can find us. We know their language fairly well. It has taken time and a good deal of concentration of the energy of the Association to be even as nearly in touch with them as it is. It is the hour of hours to throw the weight of every energy toward our purpose of helping to

make the living Christ known as the Way to God, as the Saviour of women. It is time to make sure that upon our altars there is a fire that shall, by its very intensity, burn away the wrongs of community life, and light the path of woman's advance.

*"THIS DAY WE SAILED WEST"**

You must not lose your courage—you will need endurance if you are to carry out God's will—for it is written:

"He whom I accept as righteous will find life through his faith. But if a man draws back, my heart can take no pleasure in him."

But we will not shrink back and perish—but we will have faith and gain possession of our souls.

Do you remember that essay of Dr. Richard Cabot's in which he tells us of a bit of conversation which he had overheard in a Pullman car between the best-known doctor and the best-known lawyer in Boston? Both had been taking some vacation, both were fierce workers, each loved his profession. "I hope," said the doctor to the lawyer, "that you are coming back to your work with fresh enthusiasm." The lawyer laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and looked out of the window with a grim smile. "Because," went on the doctor, "you ought to set us a good example and convert us to righteousness. I am coming back to my work with loathing."

* From notes of a talk given to the national Y. W. C. A. staff in 1924.

Then Dr. Cabot goes on to remind us that though we slip off our work-harness every night, or ought to, we many times hate to slip it on again in the morning. We slip it off, or try to, when we get around to the week-end, and then may find it even harder to slip it on, on Monday morning. But after a vacation it is hardest of all. Our muscles tend to have become more relaxed, we seem to have forgotten how to carry burdens; and so are often tempted to feel an absolute repulsion for our work when we have to assume responsibilities again.

We have come back to our work again after vacations, some of us from long distances. The first days of our return were full of the elixir of meeting one another, of exchanging notes of the summer's experiences. All the little, intimate details were interesting because we are, after all, a family and concerned in all that concerns each other. But the fillip of that particular kind of pleasure is soon gone, and I have wondered whether now we may not be, some of us, in the mood described by Dr. Cabot.

Now such a mood, as Dr. Cabot says, "is not wholly devilish." It is natural and normal enough to be a witness to our own normality and wholesomeness. The difficulty is that when one is in such a mood there is a temptation just around the corner, and it seems worth while to think where the temptation, if yielded to, might lead us, if happily we may thereby be prevented from yielding. I have read to you some sonorous verses chosen here and there from Scriptures, verses written down out of the experience of men human enough to realize how easy it is in

moments of relaxation to be faithless to the commitments we have made, and so to lose our way.

Do you remember Hartley Coleridge's lines in description of faith?

Think not the Faith by which the Just shall live
Is a dead creed, a map correct of Heaven;
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given;
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids Eternal Truth be present fact.

I read the first two lines, and at once you answer, "Not guilty. I have not so thought of it." But how about the next two lines?

Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.

In these long days after the first thrill of beginning the work of another year, when one is relaxed, and old intimacies and old friends and old comradeships seem for the moment tasteless or flavorless, then it is that one must resist the temptation to act in response to mood; it is then that we need to act on our faith in our accumulated attitudes of soul one to another and be loyal to our loyalties.

These are days in which we talk in generous terms of the meaning of brotherhood. We shrink from old and more narrow conceptions of what brotherhood involves. We are pleased to find out how at one we feel with per-

sons of an increasing number of races and nations; we taste with a sort of soothing delight the flavor of acquaintance with more and more persons whose traditions, whose ideals of life, whose circumstances of procuring shelter and food are entirely different from our own. We glorify, not to say sentimentalize, differences, and yet it is quite possible that in increasing the extent of our acquaintanceship we may be letting the content of acquaintanceship and friendship diminish. I have known of many a person able to nourish a grand passion for another person while they were living in the reception room of one another's lives, who could not weather the strain of their working together. There is all the more reason, therefore, to hold on, as to a treasured possession, to our attitude of soul toward those with whom we have worked, forged as it has been in the furnace of times of testing.

Then, too, we must keep faith in our tools, our instruments, our processes. In the essay to which I have already referred, Dr. Cabot reminds us that it is a good thing sometimes that one should see himself as a tiny ant hurrying about to accomplish just its proportion of the world's work, but no more. Yet at such moments one's tools, one's instruments, look somehow mean and cheap, and again there is a temptation in our mood, lest carelessly on the impulse of the moment we lose respect for them, make decisions to discard them or to ignore them, or to substitute new ways, new processes, new instruments, more for love of change than for any sound reason.

Finally, just a word about keeping faith in our direction,

in our goal. It is so easy in the immediate present to be blown about by every wind of doctrine. It is so easy to lose one's sense of direction. It is along the line of least resistance to pay deference to the gods set up along the path of the unwary, to define and redefine objectives and goals, and it would not be strange if oftentimes we are tempted to wait, to sit still, while we wonder where it is for which our feet are set. It is said that in the log of the Santa Maria these few words were written many times: "This day we sailed west, because that is our course." They are a simple, pathetic, but vivid witness to the way in which Columbus met the tests of his faith. And yet he, after all, had his face set toward an old world, while we look for a city that is to come.

"Faith is an affirmation and an act." It means giving substance to what we hope for. It is our conviction about things we do not see.

*AT THE CLOSE OF A NATIONAL CONVENTION**

I READ last summer a little book on Saint Francis of Assisi by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, in which I found these words: "The medieval world was far ahead of the modern world in the sense of things in which all are at one, but the modern world is more subtle in its sense of the things in which we are not one."

* At Milwaukee, in 1926.

There are forces generated by the very factors of our modern life which are to be struggled with and against in our effort toward fellowship and understanding and common life, and peace and unity—all these higher desires of our hearts—and it seems strange that, brought closer and closer together, year by year, physically, as we are by inventions such as the radio and automobile and whatnot, we find ourselves held apart by an increasing number of spiritual forces.

I sometimes think, for instance, that the separations that are caused by differences in taste make wider chasms than are caused by differences in principle and purpose, or than can be bridged by likeness of principle or purpose. Paradoxically, we are urged nowadays to make the very most of our differences, to hold on to them until the very last drop of flavor we can distil from them can be contributed to a larger synthesis, and I have been thinking, in these closing hours of this convention, of this, not primarily or particularly as it is exhibited among nations and races and classes and different parts of the church, but as it operates among ourselves in this organization.

It is a good thing if we do offer variety in mind just so long as we can be united in heart, and to a very large degree—almost completely, it seems to me—the force of the impact of this organization for good upon our generation depends upon how united we are in heart. And that is the first thing that I would have us remember as we go away.

We have defined in this week in Milwaukee our course. Shall we hold to it? Well, that depends. It will be a test

of our faith, the amount of faith we have in our direction, our goal; the amount of faith we have in our tools, our instruments, our processes—in our case the Young Women's Christian Association as an instrument—and in its program. Above all it will be a test of the amount of faith that we have in one another, in the accumulated attitude of soul that we have to one another, so that we trust one another not for this or for that or for the other action, but in the long run and often in spite of vigorous differences of opinion, in respect to this decision or that decision or the other.

Faith means giving substance to what we have planned. It is our conviction about the things which we do not see; it is the measure of our willingness to work together with God—and that is the second thing that I would have us remember as we go forth.

Sometimes when I am thinking of two little children, the ones I love best, and of the world in which they must live and struggle when I am gone, I am filled with a kind of terror. Our age has information, skill, experience, association, worldly wisdom, and knowledge. Its mental tools are becoming very sharp. But what it needs most is heavenly wisdom, discernment. We need to see clearly, and I am concerned as to whether or not this organization will have vision sufficient for its opportunities. Are we fulfilling the conditions which will insure that we can be continuously discerning; that we can have the ability, as by instinct, to sift and winnow the chaff, eliminate what is unimportant, see past all that which conceals, and pene-

trate to the heart of situations; that we may know our times and what they really need? And this is the third thing I would have us remember as we go away.

We perfect our technique and polish our instruments, but we tend always to oversophistication. I find myself in each convention, increasingly so in these later years, watching lest there be signs of overgrowth, of going to seed. I take comfort in our awkwardness, in our crudities, in our slowness sometimes to catch the point, because they seem to me evidences that we are still childlike, still growing, and I am not disturbed by our complete innocence of some of the things that I imagine some of our fraternal organizations, weathered as they are in the experiences of organization, are surprised not to see in our Association. And I glory in the evidences of fearlessness and of expectancy, for these are all sure indications that we have not lost our simplicity, however we may have obscured it in some places, and that there still lives and moves in the very center of the being of this institution the heart of a child. God grant that it may continue to abide in it, for it is the pure in heart, we must remember, who really *see*.

LETTERS

LETTERS

1912

To a friend, written from England

I VISITED Miss Picton-Warlow in her home, a fortified monastery bestowed upon her family by Henry VIII. That was an experience! Then I was at Miss Hunter's home—oh, *beautiful!*—and we motored five whole days, all through the Highlands of Scotland. Then I was at Mrs. Tritton's for a few days, her country home—and at Miss Rouse's home for three days, and with Miss Reynolds and Miss Coppock I went up the west coast of Scotland and was at Iona Island for three days. If I had had a longer time I am sure the last-mentioned spot would have placed a spell upon me, but for that time I simply *couldn't* get past the incongruity of the cathedral, built by a Catholic of the Catholics, having progressed through high Anglicanism down to Presbyterianism—with no altar, no prayer-book, etc. etc.

To a former member of the national Y. W. C. A. staff

WE have accumulated such a momentum that it is like being borne along in a sort of swirl—all wrong, I say to myself, and yet it is probably the way with all such organizations as ours if they have any vitality. It gives me a sense of anchorage to think of a certain few. Mother and your-

self are the two especially whom I think of as praying most about my share in this. It is never the kind of place which I had any thought of getting in—nor one for which in any natural way I am fitted. I therefore appreciate the more, I think, the unexpected yield it gives of friendship and opportunities to share the inner life of those I am working with. I never cease to be grateful.

The building* is beautiful beyond our hopes. It is going to be dedicated on the afternoon of the fourth of December, the sixth anniversary of the National Board. We have a beautiful dedicatory service, which Mrs. Speer and Miss Cutler have prepared, and Miss Dodge is asking every Association to meet for prayer on that afternoon.

To the president of the World's Committee of the Y. W. C. A. in London

Now I am staying at Riverdale *while we move.* This is so exciting that I must emphasize it. The Training School impedimenta were moved yesterday and the day before, and the office today and tomorrow. I hope you will pray for us especially in these first months. As I walked over the building last week and received a final impression of its size and conveniences and loveliness, I felt more vividly than at any time what a challenge it is. It is wrong to have spent so much money and time upon it if we do not do very much more than we have done in the past. . . .

How shall I say how much my visit to Great Britain this

* The then new headquarters of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations, at 600 Lexington Avenue, New York.

summer meant to me—certainly a stretching of spirit, and I hope of brain as well. I do so enjoy telling Miss Dodge about our talks. I hope I may be able to pass on some of their inspiration.

To a former member of the national staff

WHEN this letter reaches you *we will be moving into the new building.* Isn't that exciting? It is also solemnizing —so much money and so much thought as have gone into that building must count for much in order to be justified. . . .

My English experiences were illuminating. I want to come down as soon as I can, to talk them over with you and get your judgment. There seem to me many, or some, things which we can learn from them just at this time, e.g., in apologetics—they are so much more aware of their strength than we. Our nebulousness, by contrast, frightens me. I do not forget that many if not most of our deepest convictions are a result of doing, action, being a young people. I suppose that is natural and inevitable. Being American, perhaps it is a national way of getting at truth.

But it is a slow method when it comes to evangelism, although, to be sure, a sure one. I hope to see some good work in apologetics done through our Student Committee. . . . I will grant that I felt like a naked soul (that is the characteristic effect of English or British religious talking) after listening. They touch upon things which we are in the habit of assuming are not lawful for man to talk

about, but I came to the conclusion it was good for me. Don't you think there is a kind of "cant" in the temptation to think our reticence is very choice, and to hide under the plea of our reserves, the meagerness of our emotions and thoughts? . . .

If you could have heard the discussions on unity, in the theological part of the Swanwick conference! One particular talk was the most moving thing I heard, and it was all very stretching to the spirit—as well as to the brain.

To a former member of the national staff

I DON'T think that there has ever been a time when the quality of spirit has been quite so fine as now. I rejoice and thank God every night at the sense of his presence in the office, so palpable as to be felt—unmistakably; absence of gossip, hard work, and yet enjoyment one of another.

1914

To a Y. W. C. A. Field Committee chairman after Miss Dodge's death—December 31, 1914*

WE are as bravely as we can trying to gird ourselves up and rally to a new and gigantic task. In a note I had from my own mother this morning she says this: "In times of stress we almost always forget God too soon. Do not do that." I cannot but feel that we have every right to expect that the issues of this year of years in our organization will

* At this time there were eleven field offices of the National Board scattered throughout the United States—a form of organization which was later changed.

be guided so surely by God Himself that we cannot doubt that we are walking in the path in which He is leading us. We count much upon your thought for us, your counsel, your courage and your help.

I am sending under another cover a copy of Monday's *Evening Post.* The editorial is written, I understand, by Mr. Villard himself, in a paper which does not publish personal editorials. Being so spontaneous as that, it is really a comfort.

To a Field Committee chairman after Miss Dodge's death

WE were very grateful for your telegram; there is such a sense of need of some support that we are leaning heavily on those of our number who are doing the work of the National Board out in the field. With the issue about our student membership basis that is before us this year at the convention it seems that, humanly speaking, there has never been a time when we could less easily spare Miss Dodge. She was a woman who was always giving gifts, but there was no gift which she gave more lavishly than that of faith in people, and there was almost nothing that gave her more pain than that people should not believe in one another. We need a great rallying together, new stores of trust each in the other, and God is good and we can be sure that He will lead us.

To a Field Committee chairman after Miss Dodge's death

I WISH I could sit down and talk with you instead of writing or I wish I might write with my own hand, or I wish I

might write much that is in my mind to say. It somehow gives me a sense of oneness with all the distant and scattered members of our family even to write something.

What stores of loyalty, of new endeavor and of support we must count upon among you of our number who are doing the work all over this country! We seem bereft beyond any possibility of recovery and yet it is almost a dishonor to Miss Dodge to say that. God is still good and we are trying to do his work and we may be sure He will guide.

To a Field Committee chairman after Miss Dodge's death

We were grateful for your message, grateful for its pledge of loyalty and grateful for the thought in it of the convention, which looms so much larger a task because in this particular convention, when we are bringing the largest issue that has ever come to it, she upon whom we depended most will not be with us to speak or to rally us together as she so often has in times of stress.

1915

To the chairman of the World's Committee, after Miss Dodge's death—January, 1915

You will have received the cablegram which was sent from the office in my name to announce that Miss Dodge had passed on. Those who know Miss Dodge will be able to make you understand how much I miss for you not

knowing her. The sound of her voice which was so full of cheer—not like any other person's I have ever known—and the look out of her eyes which seemed to see into the far distances, past the places at which we were looking, which only belongs to the great of this earth—such as these are the things which those who have not seen her will miss, but her spirit and her life will not pass; they are too good to die and you and we will have them still.

Our people are rallying together as quickly and as courageously as they can, and since there has never been a time in the history of our national work when, humanly speaking, it would seem we could less easily spare our leader than this year, we cannot but feel assured that in some wonderful way and so surely that we cannot mistake it, God will lead us out into an open place. Our convention comes in May. We have before it an issue upon which our constituency is probably divided at present. Out of your harrowed days, when it is hard to think, I know, of a country which, being at peace like this, would seem to have anything that it needed, I hope you will spare us some thought and counsel, and I know you will hold up our hands in the way that only those at a distance can.

To a friend—June, 1915

I FEEL very weak, and inadequate, and *alone* part of the time. . . . I am up at Miss Dodge's now and it does not seem strange at all. This place is full of her presence. It is almost as if she went from room to room with me.

To a friend on the death of her sister

MUCH love, and my thoughts will travel with you and your sisters especially these first days. It is hard to *realize* that someone whom we love and carry in our heart of hearts has stepped out of life, when she has done it in another land, I know, but it makes a bridge into the other world for us, which it is easy to travel over.

1916

To a member of the national staff in the midst of a trip—February, 1916

IF I had done what I planned to do, I should have written this note on Saturday. Then it would have been a valentine and would have reached you while you were still in Delaware. But I didn't do it, and the next best thing is to write a note while you are this minute in Delaware, and trust that you will receive it in Ohio if not in my own beloved town.

I am so filled with sympathy when I have thought of the heavy schedule and the cold weather and the always being on dress parade, that I have longed to say something to you all, from time to time, that would help to lighten things up, if ever so little. But I can't quite sympathize with you—instead I envy you, because you were to have two days in Delaware, every tree, brick and stone of which I love. I hope you did have a nice time there and that you gave them a great deal about the work of the Association that they never knew before. Tell the Ohio people about

Miss Dodge. Make the girls *see* her. I think of one of the great results of the visits of this month* as just that—so many more girls and women coming to know about Miss Dodge, who was so modest, so retiring, that only thus can she be made known.

1917

To the chairman of the World's Committee—February, 1917

WE need increasingly to be kept aware how great the changes are that are being made by the forces of this war in the life of women. There is a tendency in us, especially the farther one is from the Atlantic seaboard, to sleep along unaware of what a new and strange world it is in which we live.

1920

To a friend—August, 1920

WHERE do you suppose I am? In Halle's lunch room, in Cleveland. I am on my way to my vacation and I have the feeling that it has really begun.

The world is a wretched place. I am aware of that to a degree I didn't realize in April when we were here. . . . I come back from my scamper over part of Europe depressed and oppressed by their feeling toward us—deserved most of it, not all—and oh, so anxious that we of

* Observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the Y. W. C. A.

the Association may turn in and help to make America worthy to do her part. I think we have been tempted to think we could do things too suddenly, and at too long range, and we have been skipping too many of the processes. . . .

I have finished my lunch; I had butter-scotch parfait which is my Halle and Cleveland favorite. I feel as if I never could get enough food since I came back. There was enough food in Europe, enough for us who could pay for it, but so much of it I wasn't hungry enough to eat.

I hope you will have taken the journey up the—I haven't much idea how to spell it—Saguenay. Anna and I enjoyed it so much several years ago. . . .

There are the sweetest children with their mothers, wandering around the store. They make me feel that I can scarcely wait to see Mary Thoburn!

Lots of conferences now—I think of them starting off tomorrow—Asilomar, Estes Park, Geneva.

To a member of the national staff—November, 1920

I THINK my soul-discouragement at this time is probably as much helped by such sentences as the one in your letter, "I'm neither ill, weary, nor incapacitated—in fact I feel very much like work," as by any other possible attitude. It is the willingness and ability to see that counts. I am rather ashamed of my own glooms. I need to say over sometimes things like Kipling's *If* and above all to remember that if I don't keep my own fires burning I certainly can't complain when others let theirs go out.

To a member of the staff

HER reasons aren't convincing to me, because they are the reasons for, without being balanced, sufficiently, it seems to me, with the reasons against. . . . On the other hand, she has a strong desire to do this and a conviction that she should. You know that it is my policy to submit to such a desire and conviction on the part of any trustworthy secretary, even though it is against my judgment. What I refuse to do is to decide for such a person. If she makes a mistake I will share her burden of consequence, of course. But I feel that when we commit a piece of work to a secretary, it goes with that commitment to give her all the autonomy possible. After all, this isn't a business, it is a profession, and somewhere near this particular point is the heart of the difference. . . . I do think we shall have something to carry in the way of misunderstanding among some who think we do all too little for the Associations. But that is in the day's work, and I should be willing enough to help bear any share of that I am able. . . . And I do count upon her so much as a person that I don't have to agree with her judgment.

1921

To a friend in China—December, 1921

I AM wondering if the sun ever will shine on the sea. It is Saturday and we left Yokohama on Monday. It has been stormy or rainy every day. Today it rains again. But I don't mind it very much. My cold is wearing off in the

soft air, for we have turned southward and it is balmy. We are due to land in Honolulu on Wednesday evening, but there has to be a day added some time between now and then—Monday, probably. I left a package to be mailed either from Yokohama or Tokyo. In it there is a trifle for each of the Annam Road family for Christmas. Tell them, please, for me that I thought of each one of them when I saw the particular little thing I have sent for her. That sounds like a back-handed compliment to B—, but I don't mean the mirror or the suggestion of the vanity-box, but the little box itself reminded me of her eyes and hair—ruddy in gold. As for you, if you look deep into that little vase, you see more and more fire in it, the deeper you look.

I write and write all of every morning and read all of every evening, and try to sleep in the afternoon. I am beginning to succeed, too. I have such vast arrears to make up. At the last I was so tired I couldn't sleep at all in the latter part of the night.

I shall be six days in Hawaii, which means that I shall travel about, going to Hilo on the island of Hawaii and perhaps even to another of the islands as well. What kind of boats we go on and what the distances are between them, I haven't the slightest idea.

Now that I am so far on my way home I am eager to get home and I fear I am foredoomed to spend Christmas on the train somewhere between San Francisco and New York.

Just as you say, my visit seems almost like a dream and

why didn't we visit more, talk more, than we did? And yet it is no dream either, for I can close my eyes and walk through the door into your beautiful room. I really dwelt there, and all the strange experiences of the days' anxiety and the first days of poignant pain are in a way located for me there.

I hope more and more as the days go that the sense of Grace Coppock's presence will become support and strength for the day's work.* As I sit here on the boat in the middle of the Pacific Ocean I—the real I—am in your room at Annam Road or in your office on Hong Kong Road—not feeling too much the barriers of distance. How much more is she free to animate both home and office. There can't be any doubt that she does.

Mrs. Rockefeller, just before she sailed, received a copy of some paper—Sunday *Times,* I think—which has pictures of the new Grace Dodge Hotel, which was evidently opened for guests the last of October. One of my first journeys when I reach home is to Washington to see it. I forget whether we talked about it or not, did we? Doubtless they will have out by now little cards or slips, regarding prices and so forth, which you can hand to women who may be going to the United States, probably to Washington. But just in case they have not yet done so (which they hadn't in Japan), be sure to remember it if any women whom you know about should be starting in our direction. A Japanese woman, member of the faculty

* Grace Coppock, national general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of China, died in October, 1921.

of the Women's Government College in Tokyo, started off to Washington just before I reached Tokyo and didn't know about that hotel because I had neglected to speak of it before I left Tokyo in September. To be sure she had letters of introduction to the Association, but it is quite likely that she will have already put up at some other hotel before she presents them. It is just such people I most long to have use the hotel.

How the wind howls outside—and yet it is very warm! It is as still as can be here in the music room where I am writing. Where the talkers tuck themselves away, I can't imagine—the decks are so wet, nobody sits there.

The new *Association Monthly*—November number—which came while I was in Kyoto, tells the date of the convention. I don't remember just how long Georgina Johnston said she might be able to spend in the United States and Canada. If she leaves Shanghai the last of February and makes some visits on her way eastward, then makes her visit to her sister before she comes from Detroit eastward, it may be just our luck to be away from New York at the convention when she is there. I do hope not, for my own sake. Of course there will be plenty of people there, for the time is past when many of us can go to a convention, but I do hope that I can personally help to make her have a nice time as well as a profitable one.

I mustn't write more, or I shall not get my toll of letters done today. I am writing all my Christmas notes, annual letters, etc. and I have the time all parcelled out so that I

can just accomplish it before Honolulu, if I do so much each morning. It is so good to have the time.

I do love you very much and I send much affection, too, to all the dear members of the family at 3 Hong Kong Road.

To a friend—December, 1921

I HAVE a nice stateroom all to myself, with all my things spread out at will. The food is good. There are only one hundred first-class passengers, quiet people for the most part, and all of them plain folk apparently. Half the boys who wait on us are Chinese and half Japanese, and it is interesting to watch their differences. How distinct they are! And yet when we left Japan and went over into China in September they looked very much the same to me. When I came back into Japan, I wondered how I could ever have thought so.

Japan is so chilly, raw, that I had a cold almost all the time and just escaped taking another on the Saturday before I left by taking every measure, when the chill began, to stave the cold off. Our girls can't keep the houses warm. Some of them seem fairly well inured to the cold, but I am troubled about the others.

The weather was fine while I was there for all but one day, sunshiny and clear. On account of being in bed with my cold and being too tired anyway, I didn't see any sights —didn't go to Nikko, or to Miyanoshita, but I did make a visit to each of the cities where there are Associations and feel that that part of my visit was successful. There was a

finance campaign on in Tokyo, as there had been in Shanghai, with all the conventional accompaniments of pageant, teams of various kinds, etc.

This boat isn't due in Honolulu until the eighth and is making poor time so far, so that we may not even make it on that date. The sea has been rough almost from the start. I seem to be immune. Beginning with the Armand Behic my boats were smaller and smaller and I continued to eat three meals with enjoyment. They call *pumalo* something that sounds like "jawbone" in Japan, and it continues to taste good as often as the morning comes around. Also they have persimmons which are hard, like a peach, and have much more flavor, I think, than the soft ones, which I never could be quite sure whether I liked or not.

I left a slender roll of something for your Christmas gift, to be mailed to you from Yokohama or Tokyo. I hope it reaches you safely, because it is lovely, and what it is of is hard to get in blue, so they tell me. Now aren't you as curious as you were about what Miss T— had for you in Foochow? But don't open it till Christmas.

I resisted buying a houri, and a second-hand ceremonial kimono, though Jane Scott and Mary Page led me into dens of temptation and sat on either side of me urging me to purchase a most delectable gray kimono with lovely flowers spreading out over it. There are too many exquisite things in Kyoto and Yokohama for one's soul's good.

Friday. I wrote all the above yesterday. It is a little smoother today and a little warmer. I am almost certain there is no cat on this boat above the hold. I have never

been on a boat so long without meeting up with one, and I have a free feeling about it too, which is a sign.

. . . There is a very remarkable man in Kobe, Kagawa by name, a Presbyterian minister but conducting a settlement now in one of the slum sections of Kobe. I had a good long talk with him. The girls invited him for lunch. If you can get hold of any translation of any of the chapters of his book, when you are in Kobe, a story which is in its one hundred and forty-fifth impression or some number like that, do get it for me, please; I imagine that might be the way to get hold of what Japan is thinking or feeling now. Tell A— that I think if Kagawa could speak at the federation conference* it would be like stretching a bridge of understanding between the Christians in Japan and China. . . .

I think much of the girls in China and the committee and wonder what decision has been reached, what plans they have made. I am sure the spirit was such that they cannot fail to find a good plan.

Thank you for sending me Miss T—'s letter. It is the only word I have had about the eventful October fifth meeting. I can't escape a feeling similar to the one I had when I was a little girl just before I opened a jack-in-the-box, as I near my journey's end, and realize that soon I shall really know what has been going on, at home, these weeks we have been away.

* A conference of the World's Student Christian Federation to meet in Peking.

To a friend—December, 1921

AND I know, too, that this experience will have been enriching to both you and your husband. All pain, borne well, is that. And there have been without doubt all sorts of good and sweet things weighed with the bitter all along the way of these last few years. Each new time I touch more nearly the mysteries of life I am helped the better to walk in the sense of the Unseen. . . .

The sky and sea are gray and have been ever since we left Yokohama, but I am enjoying it. There is time to ponder on what I have seen and to pray more than in the rush of these weeks I have found time to do. I find that now I am older, hard travel uses up nearly all my energy—physical and even spiritual. I have such a feeling that the outcome of the Washington Conference can be assured if the people of God add their spiritual energy to the positive side—reinforcing God and helping Him to work his purposes out. Too often we hold ourselves in a sort of suspended state between hope and fear, in times of crisis. We wait, but we do not work.

To a friend—December, 1921

I DO hope your work is helping you to become adjusted to things. Isn't work a wonderful thing? Experience, too. All the experiences of life can do something for us if we let them.

. . . All the friendships I am most dependent upon now

I have made since I was thirty-five. The main thing, I think, is to make many rather than few, value them for what you can put into them rather than for what you can get out of them. The latter has to be a by-product anyway. If I feel myself to be a friend to somebody who thinks of me only as a comrade, or perhaps doesn't think about me much at all—well, let that take care of itself. In the long run, one finds real friends along that road, plenty of them, with sufficient to bring to any of life's demands. What I am trying to say is that life lived in terms of the lives of others, as many as possible, is never lonely, never desolate.

1922

To President John W. Hoffmann, D.D., Ohio Wesleyan University—January, 1922

I SEEM to myself to cut a very poor figure as a candidate for so pretentious an adornment as the degree of Doctor of Laws. However, I understand that it is a recognition of the job I hold, and I am always eager to have my cause receive what it seems to me to deserve, however undeserving I feel myself to be.

It is always difficult for me to make an absolutely definite schedule so long ahead, and I am not altogether sure that I can be in Delaware at the time of the next commencement. Knowing so long ahead makes it easier to plan for it, and I shall make every effort to be there.

To a member of the staff—February, 1922

I AM sorry you had to have that decision to make. It couldn't do you any good and therefore is so much useless pain. I have *no* question that your decision is right. There are certain fundamental obligations to which if we are not loyal all other loyalties are tainted, and I feel there would have been no comfort or peace if you had decided the other way. I hope that having decided as you have you may be able to let it be settled and not give up to the temptation to keep reviewing it and wondering if you were right, or if there were some way out, or what. . . .

To a friend—April, 1922

ALWAYS, when some kinds of trial have come, I get along at first only and simply by centering as much as possible my whole attention on the routine of life. It does its saving work. . . . Ordinarily I can get lost enough in what others are carrying not to think very much of how I may myself be reacting to my own difficulties, but, as I have said, I lost happiness too often and too much this year. . . . I do think that we have to set our wills, not only by the day but by the very hour, on keeping mind and heart engrossed with the needs of others, and other things being equal, those will usually be the needs of those around us. Life can be, and certainly it can *seem* to be, too hard if we let ourselves look ahead. It is possible to live very well by the day. . . . It isn't always possible to measure or estimate what body is doing to soul, or soul to body, as the case may be.

To a friend—June, 1922

HAVE you done anything about inviting some girls to go motoring with you for all or part of your vacation? I am afraid if I don't keep at you you won't do it. . . . I shall be so disappointed if you don't. I know you are so busy that you will think you can't stop long enough to plan, but that can be done by the way as the days go by if you begin soon enough. I shall be so pleased to have the car give some rest and pleasure to you and to the others as well.

To a member of the World's Committee staff—June, 1922

I AM so eager to know whether they have said "Yes," and that you all will be coming to visit us in the spring of 1924. I am the kind of person who likes to work toward a goal, and that time and what we shall have done by then and what we will do at the time is the kind of goal which inspires me. Somehow I mix up all the little things with the big—such things, I mean, as where we will meet, what kind of program we will have, and the day at Miss Dodge's place at Riverdale, etc., etc., with a meeting which shall start us on levels so much higher than those at which we have been working that it will be like a new world after 1924 in the Young Women's Christian Association.

To a friend in China—July, 1922

IT is a breathless July *Sunday* afternoon. I emphasize Sunday because the weather always seems hotter to me on Sunday than on other days.

I was writing to H— not long ago and told her to have me in mind when she goes bargaining in the native city, and to call on you for the wherewithal. I don't know, of course, what I have left, with these things taken out and the two coral strings which you sent, but judge there will be enough to stock me up for my Christmas giving. Let me see what you might watch for—a string of amber, one of those cheaper ones such as M— found in the native city, and a piece of carved jade. Mandarin squares always come in handy, or pieces of linen, or lace, and you know I want some time a coral string with a coral and kingfisher ornament, and I love turquoise matrix things, pendants of any kind in that. It is so much pleasure to give the pleasure these things do—any of these or other things. The little combs and knives have given so much pleasure to children I could dispense some more of them, especially the squirrels, or rabbits—which were they?—we bought in Hangchow.

I find myself so dried up as the months of this year have gone by. My brother's illness has been in almost every way the hardest to bear of all life's blows, so that in self-protection I have lost as much of myself as I can in routine, and in things. One can't let the emotions have their will —it takes too heavy a toll from one's vital energy and that means one can't work. And yet, paradoxically, one's work is poor in measure as one's emotions do not have full play in it. It is an eternal question.

I expect you are in Kuling now. Anne S— said you were just starting, in a letter which came from her just a

few weeks ago. I do hope you are getting a lot out of your summer. Anna has on the pongee dress we bought —do you remember? It is so pretty—embroidered with a design in three colors—brown, turquoise and self-color, and she wears her turquoise beads with it. We have a very good dressmaker now who comes to the house.

Give my love to all whom I love who are in Kuling, when this reaches you. I am sure there must be several there.

To a general secretary—November, 1922

I AM very grateful indeed for the pains you took to write the letter which came a few weeks ago.

It is a great adventure, this upon which we have embarked, to associate together people of like purpose who, as the Association continues, have become more and more of like mind and ever increase in number. The beat of mind upon mind and heart upon heart, the play of the experience of one group upon another group, the extension of our contacts with women of other traditions, other races, other lands—I am amazed year by year at what it all does to myself. It is increasingly enriching and humbling.

I am sure you will believe that no one could know better than I know how very short of the best all our endeavor for this movement falls, but I know too you will believe that all along the way we have followed whatever light we had and that it has taken considerable courage to do it most of the time. Failure and blundering are a subject for

regret, but they also teach us something for the future too, do they not?

1923

To a friend, abroad at the time of her mother's death—May, 1923

I HAVE just come in, having been at your mother's funeral service. It is a perfect day and the room was very sweet with the wealth of flowers, almost all of them pink. I was there in time to look into your mother's face which I wished to do for you. There is nothing quite like the majesty death sets upon the features. She looked younger than when I last saw her. Her hands, though, were aged hands—ready to cease whatever they had been doing here.

Life never is exactly the same after our mothers pass on. It—what happens—is partly of the connection of the flesh —that they are our first memories. But it is partly that, more than anyone else can, they estimate us on our intentions rather than on our performance. "She didn't mean to" is peculiarly a mother's phrase.

I can imagine, in spite of an ache of heart that you couldn't be here just now, you will breathe freer breaths because, old and tired, she no longer has to walk in time and place.

1924

To a friend—July, 1924

THE Benares scarf came yesterday. It is so beautiful, by

all odds the loveliest one I have ever seen. I just love it, and it is lovely of you to choose it for me.

Also thank you for my birthday letter. You are very much nicer to me than I deserve.

Here I sit in this nice cool big building and here I expect to be all summer. It is a good deal like eating and having your cake too, for I have so much time for myself, and there is no particular pressure, only a very occasional committee meeting.

I like being here. We have a big summer school and I see a little of it. (I didn't mean that for an Irishism—I fall into them by instinct I suppose.)

J. S. was expected to come in last night, from Milford, Ohio. She is sailing this week—eastward—going to Japan by that route. I haven't telephoned upstairs to see whether she arrived or not—but quiet days such as these mean I can have a visit with a J. S. when she is here. I miss so much of that at other times because the day's work uses up all the substance of me, and at night-time I have to knit up the raveled stitches of myself.

What you say of your own days sounds pleasant. There is nothing quite so useful to people who have as distracting kinds of work as do we, as to be compelled to do things with our hands. I find myself increasingly not only liking to have homely tasks but being actually dependent upon them for securing calm.

I have saved for the last to tell you how it touched me in just the right spot to have my scarf tied up in that lovely pink paper. I have put it carefully away and haven't de-

cided yet whether I will put it in the bottom of the drawer where I keep my special things or save it to tie up Christmas presents in.

Much affection goes with this note.

To a member of the staff—August, 1924

I HAVE been thinking off and on for the last few days about our staff meeting on September 30. It will have to be much better than it has been for several years and I am feeling around after the helps to make it so. Of one thing I am very sure—we need more waiting upon God, more prayer, not only for that day but all along the way. I have been thinking about our time out of the day, or rather in it, for specific worship. . . . It becomes increasingly difficult to *lead* the worship of a group so differentiated as ours.

1925

To a friend—May, 1925

ENGLAND seems the proper place from which to address a letter to you. Contrary to all expectations and precedents it has been very warm. It is like San Francisco. One sallies forth in the morning just comfortable in her winter dress and a wrap. By noon, when she is far from her home, it is hot and sultry. I look with wonder, at that time of day, upon the fluffy, ruffled women in their sleeveless garments, whom we meet in the streets or in the shops. What did they look and feel like when they left home in the morning? However, we are assured that this won't

last and we are therefore enjoying what it is doing to the parks and gardens. Kew Gardens is the loveliest thing imaginable this week, for all the spring flowers have come at once. The azaleas and the rhododendrons, and the bluebells!

. . . And all this letter is about us and none about you. How does the world go? Is May-hill harder or easier to climb this year? In my own way I carry you all on my back—in imagination—and I shall draw one comfortable breath of relief when the end of May comes, for *then* things have to let down and conferences and vacations sprinkle you all over the country, so that there is change and let-down.

To a friend—May, 1925

LIFE is almost wholly inexplicable in many of its events and circumstances. But I do know that *all* things work together for good to those who love God. God is good. And we do *not* lose our best-beloved. They do not want to leave us and hence do not have to do so.

I don't know why it should be so, but in the economy of the universe it does work out that we remember happiness more vividly than we remember pain. I have thought almost continuously about pain this summer. I have been acquainted with so many kinds of grief, for so much of the span of my life, and many and many a winepress have I had to tread quite alone of all human help. What I have been anxious to achieve is the bearing of pain—not merely the enduring of it. I seem to be fairly successful in en-

durance—but there is much sorrow and trouble that I find it very hard to bear. The difference is that in the one case you bend your shoulders to the load, and *carry* it—live with it, face it, adjust yourself to the feel of it; in the other you tend to harden yourself against it in order to manage at all. . . . It is where our human nervous and physical frailty limits us. Isn't it just at this point that Christ's love takes on divinity? In his identification with the Father, in the Father's love which carries our burdens and bears our sins, He could overcome this human frailness.

But when the grief is separation from our beloved by death, it is a grief which we can carry. And carried it becomes a burden which we do not want to shake off. I *want* to miss the faces I no longer see, the sound of my dear mother's voice, the feeling of the touch of her hand on my hair, the all-enveloping protection for his little girl which I remember in my father's eyes; D—, whom I see in so many places in Morningside—coming up the steps and waving as she came, in Morningside Park; coming in with my tray of food night after night when we lived in Dacona Hall. Even those last terrible days in the hospital, when she was suffering so, I seemed to be able to bear with her since she was throwing off the mortal body and was making the great adventure about which we had talked through all the years. I seem always to be seeing her "climbing the steeps of light" with face alight with expectation. But I am so happy for them and about them that doing without them here no longer compares in its pain with my joy in their joy. Go through the days, if you

can, taste what they bring of pain; the way out is through, not around.

One of the great accompaniments of all the trouble and sorrow we experience is the sense of being knit into the life of our kind. So much much more you must be feeling yourself a part of all whom you meet—a partaker in the loads which suffering humanity carries upon its shoulders. We must pay a great price for any knowledge we may acquire of life.

To a friend—July, 1925

YOU wrote me the very dearest of all the steamer letters I had. I suppose that is why instead of writing to you first, I am writing to you last of all that precious long list. We are coming a little bit earlier than we had at first intended. We were coming on a boat that sails from here on the fifteenth, but it failed us somehow or other. At all events, now we are leaving on the eighth and landing—well, I don't know, I haven't even asked, but it is not a fast boat, so I judge it will be eight or nine days later that we shall reach New York. I am not sorry. Not that I haven't enjoyed it, for I have. People have been so unceasingly good. Vicariously I seem to have been the recipient of England's hospitality to the National Board. But one cannot visit indefinitely and I yearn for work, the comforts of one's own place, and the sound of the voices of my own land.

Just now we are in Ireland for ten days or a fortnight. We make our schedule as we go along, so need not know

very long ahead what we shall do or where we shall go. Yesterday, Sunday afternoon, Anna and I took a jaunting-car and jogged up the hill and back into the country to the village from which my Thoburn grandparents fared forth into the New World—now nearly a hundred years ago. Their house still stands with the same trees and bushes from which they carried shoots and slips with them to plant in their new-world farm. Such a queer feeling it gives me to smell the familiar scents of white and pink rosebushes. I was here in Larne just about twenty years ago. It has looked up some, but the villages continue to look like what I suppose they are—places drained of their youth and strength. I am interested in reading papers, such as *The Irish Statesman* on the one hand (a weekly) and the *Irish Times* on the other (a daily). The Irish are always sentimental enough, but the attitude of *The Statesman* to all the processes of the Free State is sort of pitiful to a stranger who reads its columns. They seem obsessed with the desire to separate themselves from the rest of the world—a stage, I suppose, in the development of a nation. I should give a good deal to be able to read our current newspapers—at home, I mean—on the subject of China. There is nothing I have been able to put my hands on over here (except in Ireland) which seems to go one step deeper or farther back into the situation than simply saying, "Britain has interests in China that must be protected." Ireland, being weak itself, is on the side of the weak everywhere. It is natural for it to understand weakness in government and of course its irritation against the British

Government isn't by any means spent—so sympathy with China would be expected here.

It is rainy and bleak today, but for the most part the weather has been fine ever since we crossed the English Channel early in May. I think of you, sweltering at home, with sympathy. I hate heat, and July and August at home are merely to be endured.

I seem always to be writing letters in my spare time and yet never catching up. The unemployment over here is so bad that it is very visible. The note of depression in conversation, in newspapers, everywhere, is to be heard constantly. I have gone to all kinds of churches and listened to the men who speak on the streets, but I don't get much impression of hope, or of faith in the way out. They endure well, I am always impressed with that. When I was in Great Britain in 1918, coming from France, at the time when things seemed at their very worst, it seemed to me they showed qualities of endurance, equanimity in the face of strain, which nowhere else were visible.

I am still hoping that I may see you again, in the flesh I mean, before you leave home. I don't in the least deserve all that you said in your letter, but I have kept it to help me when I most need it and am grateful for your faith in my purposes and impulses.

To a member of the staff—July, 1925

THANK you for my birthday flagon of sweetness and refreshment. I enjoyed my birthday, cold, misery, and all. Now my cold is better and I have every hope I may board

the train on Monday without its company. *When* are you going to have some vacation? I seem to have heard somebody say, perhaps it was yourself, that you were going to find it difficult to get much this summer. I don't like that at all. Try to get a reasonable rest tucked in. It is best.

To a friend—July, 1925

WERE you ever in Chester? It is a strange place, but I think the Cathedral is the most human cathedral I have ever seen. The cold aloofness from all human emotions of most of them makes them seem separate from human existence. This is so much the other way that it is almost laughably like some of our non-Episcopal churches at home. For example, Anna and I came bump into a church luncheon yesterday, held, quite suitably, in the refectory of the Cathedral. Where should the women—for it was a women's luncheon—eat, if not in the refectory, but hitherto I had thought of refectories as only to be looked at.

Just now we are in Ireland. The hotel is comfortable. *There is no cat,* and I am content to sit down, look out the window on the harbor from which my grandparents sailed when they went to America, and read and write.

To a friend—July, 1925

I OFTEN have wondered about the depths of meaning in the words applied to Jesus, "He tasted death." But we go on and on, and I verily believe some people live the span of their lives without even touching this experience. Then

something comes—to one it may be failure of some one whom she loves, or her own failure; to another it may be disgrace, family disgrace; to another it may be a growing sense of being ineffectual to meet life's demands; to another it may be the passing on into the Undiscovered Country of someone dearly loved. But it isn't any one experience or kind of experience, it is its particular poignancy for us that makes us glimpse the volume of the pain of the world, and what "tasting death" for Jesus was and is.

In such times I find my way only in living as much as I can in other peoples' lives. I fail so at it that I am ashamed to say what I am saying, but life is endurable to me. And that is true though I see no way out or ahead.

Mother used to say, "I don't hope the way I once could, but I trust so much more." I found years ago that if I were to do my part I must live a day, a week, at a time. I dared not look forward because I cannot see the way. But God is good. I can trust Him.

I may be a strange person, but I do find life good. Perhaps I am not so sensitive to the tiny filaments of pain, but in spite of what my life has brought and still presents—the suffering of those I love—of those for whom I am responsible, who depend on me, the needs and woes of many, many friends—I am still so *sure* that life is good, and has more to be rejoiced over than to mourn. If we have work, useful work to do, we can't be completely unhappy. We can be measurably content. There is a certain zest even in the will to live gallantly—to share our joy—to hide our pain—to live cheerfully.

To a friend—November, 1925

YOU are strangely on my mind, so much so that my Irish temper is making me wonder if you are ill. *Why* having one on her mind should suggest to me ill fortune rather than good, I am sure I don't know. But my mother always expected something untoward. I expect it is because you are always in my heart—a sort of steady companion—so that when you rise up and keeping knocking at my mind's door, I begin to wonder. However, I hope that all is well. I am an astonishment to myself. I go like a race-horse and though spent, as now, at the end of the week, I get along very well. There are too many events in our lives, too many things to go to, too many folks to talk to, too many things to do. I get so tired of it. We are living very quietly—I mean our apartment life is very quiet—more so than at any time since I have lived in New York. When we are here the house is a serene, ordered place in which I can and do find balm to my soul.

I had the strangest feeling about finding you gone when we came home from Europe. I didn't know it for several days. You were not at the boat, but I thought—she can be away with her mother, or very busy preparing to leave —so I didn't even ask anybody, and when someone several days later said that *you were gone,* I felt lost for a bit, and I felt cheated anyway of much good of your time at home, by my being away from the middle of things so much of the time. You remember when we left you said that if you were gone before we returned it wouldn't matter so very

much, for we really can elude distance, but I was awfully disappointed just the same.

Did you get the life of Miss Dodge which I sent? And do you like it? I like it very much and the Dodges like it too. Mr. Dodge liked it. The last time I saw him was when I went up to Riverdale to talk with him about it.

And how is the world with you? Faster and faster go the wheels of my life. Less and less time do I seem to have to read, to think, to write to friends, to hear from them, or about them. I seem always to be adjusting or trying to. All my energy "virtue" goes into it.

When you get this it will be Christmas, or almost. I will think of you on that day, and I always keep on loving you.

1926

To a friend—March, 1926

WHEN it comes to belief I find it so much easier to believe that those whom I can no longer see or talk with still live than the opposite. If I believe that mother lives—and I *can't* believe anything else—then I act as if, or according to, what I believe—that she is with me, reaching out to me, reinforcing me with her faith in me, her expectation that I will carry on courageously. And what results? I have the feeling of spending much of my time with her, and my belief is that she can do more for me than once she could as she is by so much less limited. . . . I am a very simple person—almost childlike, I expect.

To a friend—July, 1926

THIS is Sunday and if we should get in on time—which we won't—we shall be landing tomorrow early. It has been the most nerve-wracking (I don't know how that word is spelled—I rather think *not* as I have it) journey! Fog—for the last four days and nights almost continuous—and before that a great deal of it. I should think the Captain would be a wreck. We who are passengers ought not to complain if he can stand up under it. I have been in bed until noon most days—sitting on the deck has been impossible most of the time.

And I have read and read. The book you gave me leaves me unconvinced—at least a good part of the time. You see, I really have to believe, or else doubt my own experience, that at least one way to the mystical experience is the path the saints have trod. That mystical experience is the result of sainthood rather than, as the author makes it—sainthood, the result of following the "Mystic Way."

Much of the time, as I read, I failed to find any suggestion that Christ had any place or part in the way to, or in, the mystical experience of these mystics. To be sure once there is a sentence like this, "Her mystical experience was the flower of a completely Christian life," but this doesn't fit into the formula which the author assumes.

I say "doubt my own experience" because Presence is always most palpable, the spirit at the heart of life least veiled, when I am in some groping way sure that I am following Christ, walking in his fellowship. If there is only

disappointment at the end of that road, and if He is not *the* way to God—then when does He come in? Ecstatic experiences are so dangerously easy to have, as the author points out again, but so prone to spuriousness.

I have read thoroughly the pamphlet *Youth,* findings of the questionnaires which were sent out in preparation for the Helsingfors conference. As I told you at the train, after just glancing through its table of contents I felt wistful, and now having read it thoroughly, I am longing to move that we may not lose our day of visitation. We should have been finding out at the same time, should we not, what girls and women are really thinking, or not thinking?

We are somewhere off the coast of Massachusetts below Boston. The fog is thicker than thick. The horn blows and blows. The decks are sticky, and wet, good neither for sitting nor for walking. I *am* glad I came—and oh, how I wish I could have been more useful and more helpful! But I am eager to be back and at work again. There is my curiosity. How has money been coming in since I left? Have they found the women for the Philippines, and who are they? How have the conferences been? What kinds of vacations have all the dears at 600 been having? Then there is the pull of lots of work. I am to have ten hours on the nature of leadership in the school in the late fall and winter, and all to be ground out by slow agony. I mean I have almost nothing in hand as a nucleus. Then the Geneva conference to be prepared for, and to be led, and some vacation. It is good to have work

to do. And of course I am glad to be home, because it is home. I am not a good wanderer. I am like a child in my gladness that tomorrow I shall see New York harbor.

To a member of the staff, from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin—August, 1926

THIS seems my first free moment. An executive at a conference does a deal of little things which take up time. Then there are more festivities than sometimes. . . . I have helped to celebrate or dedicate so many boulders, etc., I should expect the place to be blessed with sanctity for years to come! . . .

I have enjoyed every minute of this conference. . . . We are celebrating Elizabeth Wilson's birthday today. How I love the Association and to work in it and for it!

To a member of the staff—September, 1926

IT IS nice to be back. If only everybody was as happy in her work as I, how happy we should all be. But then quite a lot are. . . . It is good to be starting a new year.

1927

To the chairman of the Committee on Professional Ethics of the National Association of Employed Officers (Y. W. C. A.)—March, 1927

I AM such a failure as a member of the Committee on Professional Ethics, and I do not seem to be prolific in ideas.

The thing that I have upon my heart is the development of a spiritual attitude on the subject "Keeping counsel." I do not know whether it would be ruined if it were in a code or not, but the longer I work with people the more vividly I realize that so much of our difficulty is that we say readily things of people in their absence which we would not dream of saying in their presence. These remarks are often prefaced by the words, "I do not wish to be critical," and the person proceeds to be very critical. I really do not know what such people mean, nor is it often clear what the motive is in making the statements. If they were made in an effort to be very helpful to the person who is the subject of the conversation, at least we could not question the motive even if we might question the method. I do not know that I think women do this any more than men. I used to think maybe they did, but I am not so sure. Does this kind of thing come into a code, or does it not? I should like to think that any person whom I know might feel that her status, her purposes, her reputation were as safely trusted to me as to herself, or even more so. There is one of the Proverbs, of course it is about a husband and a wife but I think it says what I have in mind: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." It is something of that sort that I have in mind.

To a friend—November, 1927

I FEAR from what M— tells me you are too troubled with your work's responsibilities. Don't take it too hard. Light

so often is just around the next turn. . . . You make me very humble, very happy to be a little useful, and most of all wistful to help you just now.

To a friend—November, 1927

I AM in one of my rush times, when I tend to become a little beside myself unless I pass self-denying ordinances upon myself, in respect to the number of things I shall attempt to do. However, my mind and spirit are not clogged by excess of duties, at least I hope they are not, and I think of you and all you face of discouragement at this time, every day . . .

I wonder sometimes whether we have no eyes to see prospective leaders. The opportunities are so enticing and yet we seem to fail so completely in getting them for such important places.

It is good to know dear O—'s little son is here. I suppose by this time he is even in the house.

We are having a party for Miss W— on the seventh, with a present. Bless her heart! She is made out of goods a full yard wide, no shoddy about her.

Keep a good heart. God *works with* those who with Him love all their fellows. It is that that carries us along and through.

To a friend—December, 1927

YOU may call me anything you like. I love to be called "M.C." as some of the folks around here do to my face,

and many behind my back. Having an ugly front name it has never given me much pleasure. Nevertheless, if it pleases anybody else to use it, I am pleased to have her do so.

It is a muggy rainy day. I have a little Christmas tree on my desk and the lights in my office all lit,—so it is Christmasy within if not without.

To a member of the staff—December, 1927

I SHOULD like to tell every member of your staff I appreciate their hard travel, their perplexing problems, and the heavy undertow with which they must struggle. And I don't take their spirit for granted. Instead I admire and am exhilarated by it . . .

I am enjoying thinking, as I have been doing on bus journeyings this week, what each member of the cabinet does which no other one can or does do. I have been writing these notes to them all as I have had stray and spare moments, and my mind and fancy have been playing with the stuff or substance of what I would say in one or another of them.

We are a variegated group, slow, swift, practical, and not-so-very; expressive and inarticulate, warm and cool. And then there are varied gifts as well, but to a surprising degree we have one spirit.

I am one of the most blessed persons on earth. How can it have fallen to unworthy me to be fortunate enough to have such people with whom to work!

1928

To a friend, from the Grace Dodge Hotel in Washington —January, 1928

I HAVE been here for a week, attending the Cause and Cure of War Conference. It was over last night, but I remained over to be at the meeting of the Executive Committee this morning. There was the preparation of the report of the National Board to the convention to work on too; I didn't do much at it till after Christmas, and finished it on the way down here. Then there is always, on the edges of any conference or convention, something to fill in the cracks with, about the local problems of the people who attend. Altogether this is the first minute I have felt *free*—for weeks—to do what I please. I have a half-hour until train time. I have had my lunch. Here I sit at one of the desks in the foyer, with a weather eye on the clock. When I get on the train I am going to look out of the window—and *sit*—and think about clothes or something else equally mundane.

To a secretary

I AM not concerned that we shall be always perfectly consistent. But I am concerned that we shall do what is the right thing, or the rightest thing, at the point of any given decision, and that we shall do what in the long run makes for advance.

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of his light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

Browning: "Caponsacchi"

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